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JOHN LEWIS TAKES ON THE WORLD

JOHN LEWIS is putting his power to the test at a singularly favourable moment. He has brought his mine-workers out on strike eight times, and won eight times. He knows that his Union is fanatically loyal to him. The present coal strike comes at a moment when there is only a month's supply of coal in the U.S.A.; ahead lies winter and the possibility of a shut-down of industry. There is no Congress in session and a weak President presides over a crumbling executive.

A coal strike now will obviously hurt many foreign nations who are dependent on American exports, not merely of fuel but of food and goods. By cutting off coal Lewis cuts off the source of 95 per cent of America's locomotive power, 55 per cent of her industrial power, and 62 per cent of her electrical power. Stocks are already depleted by the 50-day strike last May. A further strike will be dangerous for America, and disastrous for some European countries slowly coming out of the abyss.

By calling a strike at this particular moment Lewis reopens his war with Mr. Roosevelt's successor President Truman. If Truman gives way to the mine-workers' leader, then he proves that the Presidency cannot stand up to a labour leader; if he fights Lewis with all the weapons at his disposal, he will appear in the role of strike breaker and enemy of organised Labour. Already he has received a few advance brickbats for issuing an injunction against the strike.

Whether he wins the battle or not, Lewis will do incalculable harm to the rest of organised labour in America, and in particular to the C.I.O. which he founded and has since attempted to break. The high-handed methods that have been used in starting the coal strike, the unilateral termination of the contract with the Government, and the contemptuous slogan of the men, "we aren't striking, we're just going hunting," have all served to rouse public anger against "labour dictators." Lewis counted on this, for public anger is likely to be canalised into legislative action against labour when the new Congress meets, that is, long after the mine-workers' strike has been settled one way or the other. If Lewis can succeed in getting some of his demands accepted he will have the double pleasure of keeping his Union out in front, while stopping rival unions from making any gains.

It is on the C.I.O., planning wage demands at their annual conference last week, that the public wrath will fall. It has become apparent from the C.I.O. conference that their President, Philip Murray, intends to open the second round of wage demands very shortly. The steelworkers are to lead the advance and will meet in Pittsburgh on December 15th to map their strategy. The automobile workers, oil workers, rubber, and textile workers will follow suit. Their case is based on the undeniable fact that prices have risen so fast as to wipe out any gains obtained in the first round of strikes after V-J day. The extent of their demands has not been made public, but the official C.I.O. publication, *Economic Outlook*, estimates that the big corporations have $7,700,000,000 available for wage increases. Even after this the corporations would still, it is estimated, be left with the same profits after taxes that they obtained at the peak of the war boom. In terms of wages this probably means an overall rise of about 1s. an hour.

Such demands do not seem excessive compared with the miners' demand for a reduction in hours from 54 to 40 a week with no reduction in pay. But Republicans have been sharpening their tomahawks for Labour for 12 long years, and they will be very anxious to use them as soon as Congress meets. It is fairly certain that the Case Bill, which was vetoed by Truman when the last Congress presented it to him, will be reintroduced to curb Union activity. At the same time the Republicans have made clear their intention of revising the Wagner Act, which is usually described as the Magna Carta of Labour Unions. Prudence should restrain the Republican Party from going too far, since there are 11 million members of Unions in the United States, all with votes. Many of their votes must have contributed to the landslide, and will be needed again in 1948. But if there is violent public anger against Union activity when Congress meets in January, the hotheads of the party will prevail.

No one seems to have any real solution to offer. Neither the Executive nor the Legislative branch of Government intends to knuckle under to Labour's demands. Lewis will certainly put up a stiff fight, and there is no reason to believe that the big C.I.O. Unions will be any less effective in their battle. Labour will point out that you can't dig coal with injunctions nor build automobiles with anti-strike laws. The politicians will observe that you don't earn much money striking and you produce none of the consumer goods which will bring down prices. A prolonged deadlock seems possible.

The economic results may be devastating. If there are numerous strikes, or a long coal strike, the shortages of goods and the absence of controls will skyrocket prices. Such inflation will mean a deeper recession sooner. If, on the other hand, wage rises are given, there is nothing to stop the producer adding the cost of labour on to his price. Thus once again, though goods will flow, they will be priced out of the market and buying power will fail all the sooner.

Unrestricted private enterprise has plunged the United States into chaos. The best thing that could come out of the present struggle is the beginning of an organised Labour movement such as has never yet existed in the United States. But there is as yet no sign of this desirable result. For Britain and British Labour the moral seems to be that to be entangled in the mesh of America's economic confusion spells disaster just as surely as to accept American dictation in an international policy that may fluctuate as much as the shares on Wall Street.

The Tension in India

The urgent summons to the Viceroy to come to London—bringing with him, if possible, representatives of the Congress Party, the Muslim League and the Sikhs—is an indication of the gravity with which the British Government views the manifest deterioration this autumn of conditions in India. Indeed, the hope of any Indian settlement by compromise is vanishing rapidly in the heat of the communal tension. After the brutal reprisals

by Hindus in Bihar for the barbarous excesses by Muslims in Eastern Bengal, it is not surprising that both sides are unyielding. Clearly the Interim Government ceased to function as a team and a Cabinet when the Muslim League's Ministers joined it. These do not recognise Pandit Nehru as Premier and have even attacked him at a public sitting of the Legislative Council. Nehru, in his turn, has told the National Committee of Congress sitting in Meerut that the tension is becoming unendurable and that he and his colleagues have twice tendered their resignations. He accuses British officials generally of being biassed in favour of the League, while Mr. Jinnah attacks Lord Wavell for yielding systematically to Congress. Nehru meanwhile threatens to punish British and Indian officials guilty of excesses in repressing the "Quit India" movement of 1942. The substantial issue is whether the Muslim League's delegates will attend the Constituent Assembly, due to meet on December 9th. Mr. Jinnah has called for a second postponement and, failing this, the indications are that the League will boycott it. In that case Nehru asks with good reason by what right are the Muslim Ministers sitting in the Interim Government, whose chief business is to implement the settlement sketched by the Cabinet Mission? To this Mr. Jinnah replies with some justification that Congress has never unequivocally accepted the Mission's compromise. Congress in its present mood is prepared to go ahead without the League. It has indeed declined the invitation to come to London—fearing that the League will simply use this opportunity to reopen all the issues and postpone the Constituent Assembly.

Terms for Fusion

It is not surprising that the British Government should be thinking at least twice before it accepts the American terms for carrying out the planned fusion of the British and American Zones in Germany. Details have not been officially announced, but statements by General Clay, added to the usual leakages in Washington, make it clear that the scheme is based broadly on the propositions that, over the next three years, there is to be a capital investment of £250 million in the fused Zones and that this sum, in addition to the annual import deficit of £140 million, is to be provided by Britain and the United States on a fifty-fifty basis. The hope is presumably that, after three years, the Anglo-American Zone should be much more nearly self-supporting; but, in the interim period, since our proportion of the costs would be payable in dollars, the plan would involve a very heavy additional draft by us on our American loan. The rise of prices in the U.S.A. has already reduced the value of the loan below what is needed for meeting urgent domestic reconstruction requirements; and it is reckoned that this new commitment would mean that the loan would be exhausted six months before schedule. Thus the British Government's original case for fusion—that the British Treasury's position would be eased—is blown sky-high. Does it not follow that there is no solution for this problem in terms of a zonal fusion from which the French and the Russians are excluded? Mr. Bevin should now surely make strenuous efforts to ascertain whether it is in fact impossible to reach Big Four agreement on the economic unification of the Reich.

The Wider Problem

The chances of such agreement would seem in some ways to have been rendered rather brighter by the recent change in the Russian attitude towards the Potsdam Agreement. The Russians have long advocated that economic unification of the Reich should be effected through Central German Secretariats; and Marshal Sokolovsky recently indicated to his colleagues on the Control Commission in Berlin that the U.S.S.R. is prepared to waive further demands for "capital" reparations in the form of factory plant, and to accept, in lieu, a plan whereby, over a period of ten years, Germany would pay reparations out of current production in the form of finished goods made up from raw materials which the Allies would severally supply. Assuming that the annual volume of the reparations thus claimed in kind—or to be more exact in labour—did not represent an unduly high proportion of Germany's net annual income, there is much to be said in favour of such a scheme. It is much more realistic than the original conception of the Reich as a pastoralised derelict area. There are, however, two difficulties. First, though the deliveries of such reparations would in no way incommode the Socialist economy of the U.S.S.R., American Big Business may well feel some apprehension as to their repercussions on competitive American exports in, say, five or six years' time. Secondly, it is abundantly clear that only a rigidly planned German economy could sustain the burden of a reasonable volume of reparations deliveries as well as bridging the gap between its commercial exports and its imports of necessary food. But this does not appear to be the American conception of the future of Germany. Their idea is to make the Reich—or at any rate such portions of it as they control—safe for private enterprise. They are even said to be objecting to Mr. Bevin's proposals for public ownership of heavy industry. Their view is that such industrial concerns as the Allies decide to expropriate should be put up for auction—in other words, knocked down either to American bidders or to nominees of American finance capital. Such a plan can in no way be fitted in either to an agreed scheme of reparations or to a viable united Germany.

Cross-talk at Lake Success

The Big Four having temporarily retreated, with their bundle of uncompleted peace treaties, into the privacy of the Waldorf Tower, the public sessions of the General Assembly's Political and Security Committee have been occupied with a debate on the proposed census of armed forces which has degenerated into a cornerboys' exchange of unanswered questions. Thus, Mr. Molotov: "Why not supply the Committee with figures of the strength of armed forces stationed abroad?" Mr. Noel-Baker: "Why not include the strength of metropolitan forces?" Mr. Molotov: "What about including armaments, and especially atom bombs?" Senator Connally and Mr. Noel-Baker in unity: "Why not leave that over until negotiations for general disarmament are under way?" This led nowhere; indeed, the interchange was brought to a full stop when the United States, forestalling objections which the Russian delegate discreetly left unvoiced, turned down the British proposal that metropolitan strengths of personnel and armament should be verified by a Security Council inspectorate. But the debate has now had an end. It is agreed that a census of troops should be taken on December 15 and that it should cover troops in non-enemy countries, ex-enemy countries and troops at home. As for the peace treaties, the field of disagreement in the matter of Trieste has been narrowed, thanks to further concessions by Mr. Molotov in respect of the overriding powers to be granted to the Governor in the event of an emergency. Even the deadlock on the question of the date for removing troops from Trieste has been resolved.

The French Upper House

Last Sunday's elections have done very little to clarify the position in France. The complexities of the electoral system make it impossible at this stage to assess the strength each of the various parties will have in the new Upper House. The actual members of the Council of the Republic have yet to be chosen—a third of them by the National Assembly and the overseas territories, and the remainder by a further ballot among the delegates chosen this week. Since these delegates will vote by departments, in most cases electing only one Councillor, the results will depend very largely upon the local balance of parties rather than upon the aggregate national poll for each of them. This means that the smaller groups, who are likely to be squeezed out in the absence of proportional representation, will try to make the best bargain they can with the two main parties before deciding which way they vote, especially in those departments where they hold the balance. Thus, in a number of cases, a Socialist or a Radical may be selected as a compromise candidate, although the Communists or M.R.P. may have headed last Sunday's poll. Until the secondary election is over, not much progress in the negotiations for the formation of the new Government will be made, for both Left and Right will wait to see the precise composition of the Second Chamber which that Government will have to confront. It is already certain, however, that the new Council will be very different from the old Senate, which persistently obstructed the passage of progressive legislation. The most probable result will be a Second Chamber in which the relationship of the leading parties will be much the same as it is in the National Assembly. In that case, it may very well prove to be superfluous.

Rumania's Elections

Whatever else they have done, Rumanian electors have pronounced an unmistakable *non placet* on the Opposition Parties led by Messrs. Maniu, Bratianu, Bevin and Byrnes. The British and American Missions in Bukarest have promptly invited the National Peasant and National Liberal Parties to lodge complaints of electoral irregularities. These will doubtless be forthcoming, and no doubt, on Western standards, the elections were open to plenty of criticism. The complaints will, of course, be duly countered by the Rumanian Government with charges that the Opposition Parties did their best to discredit the elections by staging (as they admittedly did) acts of violence which led to a number of fatal casualties in country districts. We find it impossible to believe that irregularities could have exercised in Rumania, any more than in Bulgaria, more than a secondary influence in a result which showed such a sweeping majority in a significantly heavy poll for the Bloc of Democracies Parties. In many respects Dr. Groza's administration has a good record in face of acute post-war difficulties. It has done well in land reform, in the reopening of schools and in promoting social welfare for industrial workers in close collaboration with the revived trade union movement and the co-operatives. But, apart from this, the Opposition groups had nothing to offer to the electorate except the assertion that they were backed by London and Washington. It may be open to doubt how far the Rumanian people wish to have their economy geared to that of the U.S.S.R.; it is indisputable that they had no use for Parties whose slogan was "Western intervention."

Macedonian Storm Centre

The assertion by M. Dragoumis, Greek Minister of War, that "the Allies" have agreed to supply arms and equipment for an enlarged Royalist Army which is to take the field against the insurgents in Northern Greece, seems to be at least premature. There is no reason to believe that the British Government has yet made up its mind on a question which, Mr. Mayhew told the House of Commons on October 14, is "under review." Reports have been circulating that Mr. Bevin, undeterred apparently by the results of trying to secure American participation in solving the Palestine problem, has been suggesting to the State Department that the provision of additional munitions to the Greek Army should be a joint Anglo-American responsibility. This presumably explains the reference by M. Dragou-

mis to assistance from "the Allies"; but there is no evidence yet that Mr. Byrnes is prepared even to this extent to underwrite a British commitment which large sections of American public opinion view critically. Meanwhile, the Government in Athens has postponed its plan for requesting the Security Council to take note of the Macedonian "situation," but Royalist spokesmen are loud in their complaints that the Northern insurgents are securing assistance from Yugoslavia. These allegations are promptly countered by Belgrade with charges of frontier violations by Greek troops and aircraft. The facts seem to be that in Northern Greece the guerrilla forces operating against the Government on an increasingly large scale consist partly of ex-ELAS elements and partly of Macedonian autonomists. The insurrection of the Left, however, is not confined to the North of Greece: there are reports of extensive guerrilla activity also in the mountainous districts of the Peloponnese.

Steel

It is being confidently stated that the Government has promised the steel industry a clear two-year run before the question of nationalisation is again raised. When it was seen that the steel industry had been left out of the programme for the current session, Mr. Morrison answered critics of the omission with an unequivocal statement of the Government's intention to proceed with its plans, and it was assumed that lack of parliamentary time was the difficulty and that steel would be dealt with in the session of 1947–8. Even this delay must be regarded as unfortunate, in view of the plain need to bring about a really large increase in capacity and to sweep away the restrictive practices which have been characteristic of recent steel history. Further postponement would be most unfortunate. We can see no reason why steel should wait, when it should need only a short and simple Bill to give the Government power to acquire the shares it needs in order to impose partial control.

Two Ideologies in One World

Paris, Tuesday
(From Our Correspondent)

The first week of Unesco's plenary sessions has raised two questions—one practical, one ideological. First, what projects within the pattern and spirit of Unesco are feasible on the basis of a budget of less than £2 million annually? With those limited resources the organisation clearly lacks the sinews for a world-wide war against illiteracy; and it cannot hope to establish a radio-network of its own, even if that were desirable, nor to endow scientific research or enterprises in the cultural field on a large scale. Many of the big projects put forward in the past year will have to be reconsidered in the light of how far Unesco can enable them to be carried out; and "enabling" will mean a little pump-priming but, much more, stimulating Governments to do the work.

The other question is how far Unesco can find its own distinctive middle way between the ideologies of the United States and the Communist world? The Yugoslav delegates, explaining the Russian boycott of Unesco, protested that the "scientific humanism" which Dr. Julian Huxley had endeavoured to graft on Unesco in the preparatory commission was "antagonistic"; and the U.S. proposals for unrestricted "free trade" for ideas (by which is meant American journals, books and films) were certainly regarded by many delegations as an attempt to get Unesco to endorse unrestricted dumping of American culture. They applauded M. Bidault when he declared that an attempt to impose an empire over the minds of men would be "the most intolerable of tyrannies"; and Mr. David Hardman, M.P., speaking for Britain, made a good impression with a speech which insisted that there must be no attempt by the powerful privileged nations to swamp the cultures of other countries.

PARLIAMENT: Demob. and Germany

Wednesday

After the set pieces of the debate on the Address comes the lull before the Government brings forward its major legislation. A debate on agricultural wages provided the occasion for a long series of constituency speeches; another on exchange equalisation was enlivened by the Chancellor's chastisement of young Hinchinbrooke who should have learnt at school not to be impertinent to "beaks."

At the moment the most important debates are taking place far away from Westminster—in New York, and in Service messes all over the world. Meanwhile Germany and "demob." are endlessly discussed outside the Chamber. John Strachey's statement on food parcels was welcome; but Members who had the good fortune to hear Victor Gollancz and, on another occasion, the German Socialist leaders in a Committee Room upstairs, know how little private charity can achieve. The rebels would have been well advised to take Germany as their main example of the folly of depending on exclusive arrangements with America. The whole House is deeply disturbed by everything which it learns about the British Zone, and it will not be placated by any decision to make John Hynd a scapegoat for the collective Cabinet guilt in letting things drift into the present impasse.

Concern about unrest among troops overseas and their relatives at home was only partially allayed by the Prime Minister's statement on Tuesday. Members remarked that it might have had a better chance if it had been made simultaneously with the announced delays in demob. Once again it looked as though the Minister of Labour would take the rap for the failure of the Service Chiefs to grapple with an obvious problem in good time. When will it be realised that it is a false economy to regard the Service Ministries as rewards for untalented virtues when they really demand first-rate administrative ability? The reasons given by Mr. Attlee for maintaining very much larger Forces than had been expected a year ago must have been known for months. Did the Service Ministers fail to realise that the method they chose—delaying the demob. of the later age groups—would penalise men with three years' fighting service, while, for instance, men with one year's service are now getting out under Class B and many others have avoided the call-up altogether? There is a very strong feeling in the House—stimulated by a steady flow of alarmingly vehement letters—that the soldiers' case has got to be met quickly.

Second thoughts on the debate on the Address confirmed the impression that on the home front the Government has made a remarkable advance since its first King's Speech. In answering the Tory amendment Herbert Morrison and Stafford Cripps—the latter was particularly impressive—were able to dispense with oratorical flourishes in their accounts of a solid advance towards a planned economy. In contrast, the Front Bench Conservatives seem to have learnt nothing, and it was left to Quintin Hogg—in a speech curiously neglected in the Tory Press—to enunciate over the heads of his leaders a pronunciamento which made up in zest what it lacked in substance, though as usual Hogg left the impression of enjoying what he said more than he believed it.

Nothing more has been heard from the Socialist "rebels." Attempts to isolate them from the "sound Trade Union element" by calling them "intellectuals" will be ineffectual in this Parliamentary Party, which is not greatly impressed by old-fashioned labels and tries to judge both men and causes on their merits. It will respect genuine differences of opinion and try to leave room for them so long, but only so long, as they are not exploited for personal ends or organised into groups. If the Government maintains its conciliatory attitude the incident may lead to a reform of the Party meeting to permit of serious policy discussion. The main function of the back benchers—apart from their service in the Division Lobbies—is to keep the Government in contact with public opinion in the constituencies. To do this they must have an opportunity to give advice as well as to take orders. The second reading of the Conscription Bill will provide the first major test of this relationship.

The two by-election results came as a clear comment by the electorate on this first major debate of the new session. To forfeit a deposit in a working-class area and to fail to regain a stronghold in Central London was a great deal less than the Conservatives had hoped or the Labour alarmists had feared. The Young Tories, headed by Hogg and Peter Thorneycroft, who made a remarkably flat contribution to the debate, will be able to say, "I told you so"; while the Socialist "rebels," if they claim no credit for the result, are relieved of the blame which would have followed different results.

PHINEAS

THE LAND AND THE SERVICES

In the House of Lords last week, Lord Pakenham made it quite clear that the demands which the Service Departments are making upon the limited public and agricultural land of this country are part of a much larger plan than has so far been revealed. Anxiety grows every day as attention is drawn to one place after another where the War Office is seeking either to hold on to its wartime appropriations or even to take over more land for an indefinite period. Mr. Attlee, who has made one small concession in agreeing that there shall be a local inquiry into the case of Dartmoor, like Lord Pakenham insists that the Cabinet is very anxious not to destroy amenities unnecessarily. But he has shown no sign that the recent protests have made any change at all in the general policy of the Cabinet. During the war, when Britain was the only available base for the Allied armies, it was unreasonable to protest against the use of large areas of the countryside for military training and installations. Battle schools and aerodromes naturally had priority over the preservation of scenic amenities. But it was generally assumed that, once the emergency was over, our hills and beaches would be free again and that the Army, much reduced in size, would withdraw to the considerable training areas it possessed before the war.

Both these optimistic assumptions were wrong. Once the Cabinet decided to maintain a large conscript force, it was inevitable that the Service Chiefs should want more room to train their men. They are strongly supported in this by Lord Pakenham, who endorsed their insistence that modern war cannot be taught on the barrack square, and that its methods and weapons are best demonstrated under combat conditions. So, manœuvring against hypothetical enemies, the soldiers are to scar and spoliate some of the most lovely places in this urbanised and crowded island. It has already been argued in this journal that an army of the size at present envisaged by the Cabinet would throw an intolerable strain upon our scarce resources of man-power and material. It is clear that we may also have to count its cost in the sacrifice of much of our remaining unspoilt coastline and moorland and in the continued sterilisation of large areas of agricultural land. We cannot accept the Cabinet's assumption that Britain can afford to maintain the new burdens that an inflated military establishment will continue to impose on this country. The area of undeveloped land and its amenities cannot reasonably be reduced much more.

The War Office at present holds more then 1,500,000 acres. It wants more, and the requirements of the other Departments have to be taken into account. The Army now seeks to acquire a considerable part of Dartmoor for training with live ammunition. Ashdown Forest, one of the finest open spaces near London, is also threatened. It is holding, for an indefinite period, eighty square miles of the Cheviots, fells in Yorkshire, and a strip of the Purbeck coast, to say nothing of its requirements in Hampshire, Surrey and North Devon. The Admiralty wants nearly twelve thousand acres in Snowdonia. A large aerodrome bottles the neck of the Lizard peninsula. There are many more examples of this sort of thing in the list of 225 training areas which the War Office demands, but these few suffice to give an idea of the great stretches of popular

and beautiful country to which the public may be permanently denied access.

Apart from the fact that a good deal of land in these districts is owned by the National Trust, many of them fall within the boundaries of the proposed National Parks. It makes nonsense of the plan to make a Park of the Lake District if three thousand acres near Ullswater are to be a permanent training ground. If the Admiralty gets its way, any Park in the Snowdon range would have to exclude Cader Idris. If the War Office takes the twenty-two thousand acres it wants in Pembrokeshire it would cut off a good deal of the magnificent coastal scenery of West Wales. And, of course, there is little point in a West Country Park which could not provide free access to Dartmoor.

Mr. Attlee's concession of a local inquiry merely ensures that land will not be taken without public feeling having a chance to protest. It allows people to say what they think of the Army Council; it gives little promise of making it change its professional mind. The Requisitioned Land and War Works Act, passed by Parliament last year, stipulates that open spaces can be acquired compulsorily, provided that a special Commission has heard any objectors who might come forward. Even so, unless both Houses have endorsed the proposal, the land can be seized only if another area, equal in size and quality, is placed at the disposal of the public. Unfortunately, the Government has not chosen to use this measure. It prefers to operate the obsolete Defence Act of 1842, passed when Wellington feared that the invention of the steamship might lead to the invasion of this country, which overrides all other land law and, with a later Act of 1845, gives the Government enormous powers of compulsory purchase and suppression of common rights. The one safeguard contained in that Act of 1842 was the veto vested in the Lord Lieutenants, but even this has been suspended by a contemporary Defence Regulation. There is no obligation at all on the part of the Government to take notice of protests against action taken under the old Act. Mr. Attlee concedes an inquiry as a charity, not as a statutory duty. It is suggested that the Inter-Departmental Committee which considers each case takes care to balance the conflicting claims of the military and the public. This procedure is highly unsatisfactory, and the Committee is in no way a proper substitute for the statutory commission of inquiry which is required. As Minister of Town and Country Planning, Mr. Silkin may consult the local planning authorities about the proposals, but even if he is convinced by the objections raised, he has no power of veto with which to give them effect.

This acquisition of land by the Services has become a matter of urgent public importance. So far it has been conducted in a furtive and piecemeal fashion. Now the enormous extent of Service demands is known—and they threaten to undermine the whole principle of the planned use of our limited free land, to which the Labour Party is committed—it is certain that they will be resisted as intolerable and excessive. The large body of M.P.s who are demanding a review of the whole question should be encouraged by an invincible body of public support. In insisting on the safeguards provided by the Act of 1945, Parliament did not intend that the Service Chiefs should evade them by falling back on older and undesirable legislation. The long campaign to preserve the commons of Britain from the enclosures of the landlords was not fought so that they might quietly be filched away by the War Office.

THE STATE OF GERMANY

[Mr. Victor Gollancz, who has recently returned from a visit to Germany, makes his report]

Mr. Hynd's recent speech in the House about Germany displayed a mixture of complacency and misinformation that is really beyond belief. This winter, he suggested, will be better than last. Of all the people I met during my six weeks' visit, I cannot think of a single one who would not laugh bitterly at such a suggestion. Here are a few of the reasons:

1. The Germans face this winter with physical and moral resistance lowered by a ration-card diet, ever since last March, of 1,000 calories. As everyone now knows, the recent "increase" was a myth. Perhaps 20 per cent. of the town population actually lives on this diet—and you can see what some of them look like in the hospitals and holes. The majority get just enough extra from the black market or otherwise to keep wretched body and despairing soul together. Apart from calories the diet, whether supplemented or not, is horribly deficient in fats and animal protein. The result has been a catastrophic increase during the year, in district after district, of all the evils associated with gross malnutrition—underweight, lassitude, hunger oedema and tuberculosis.

2. The appalling housing situation has been progressively worsened by the influx of vast numbers of "expellees"—and to a lesser extent by the incursion of B.A.O.R. wives and by such iniquities as the Hamburg Project (a sort of Garden City for the C.C.G.). I have seen nine people, including six children, sleeping and living in one small room; I have seen a cell in an underground air-raid shelter, with two beds of a sort, and apart from them only 21 square feet of space—and "living" there a man of 66 and his daughter of 39. "In former days anything so indecent would have been impossible," he muttered to me. Four or five in one small room is common form. Meanwhile, when I was in Hamburg, a net force of 10,425 labourers, many of them imported from other ruined districts, was employed on the Project, while the number employed in making habitable the dwellings of Hamburg citizens was 1,700. As to B.A.O.R. wives, Mr. Hynd's statement that Germans are never evicted until suitable alternative accommodation has been found was furiously denied to me, not only by Germans but also by the British housing officer in one of the most seriously affected centres. In Düsseldorf the average living space per person is 3.2 square metres: if on top of that you proceed to turn out a lot of Germans to house a few British, where could the Almighty Himself find "suitable alternative accommodation"?

3. People have been wearing out their last personal and household possessions; and the supply of new articles to replace them has been hopelessly inadequate. I saw dreadful footwear on 50 per cent. of the children in the Dusseldorf schools—shoes with gaping holes, bits of dirty rag, older boys hobbling painfully in younger boys' shoes, and so on. Since then I have been given official figures. The requirements for children's shoes from July to December were, on the most "Spartan" plan, 6,200,000: the number of coupons issued from May to December (actual figure till November, estimate for December) amounted to no more than 1,771,000. I should explain that you can buy practically no consumer goods except against a coupon, which you may or may not receive on proof of need. Or take babies' napkins. In Düsseldorf in October, 520 babies were born, but not a single coupon was issued for the purchase of a baby's napkin.

4. The commercial and industrial machine, such as it has been, is visibly running down. Coal is, of course, the crux. Mr. Hynd mentioned the recent increase in coal production; but he omitted to mention, not only that it was a "pick up" to only a little over the figure of output before the March ration cut, but also that the 6¾ million tons of coal and coke in stock at the end of the war were down to half a million tons by November, over and above an essential working reserve. Nor did he mention that raw steel production, which was 250,000 tons a month in August, was expected to be only 190,000 in October, on account of the coal cut. But shortage of coal is not the whole explanation. In addition (a) Stocks of all raw materials have become progressively exhausted. (b) Owing to this, as well as to the resulting necessity for inferior substitutes, the poor productivity of labour, the small percentage of capacity worked, and so on, it would be difficult enough to avoid huge losses even if there were a rational price and wages policy. But there is none: the general principle being to hold prices and wages at pre-occupation level, while discontinuing subsidies on the one hand and increasing working-class burdens by way of direct and indirect taxation on the other. The result is that business men must become hopelessly indebted to their banks, or sell their wares on the black market, or go slow in order to lose as little as possible. Many prefer the last. They keep their men nominally employed, but really hanging about day after day doing nothing. The amount of concealed unemployment is enormous. (c) Even such goods as are produced are to a large extent hidden, as producers, uncertain about the future of the currency and their own businesses, prefer goods to marks. Experts put this hoarding at as high as 50 per cent. (d) An indispensable condition, not for revival but for preventing a final breakdown, is a vigorous import-export programme. Nothing of the sort exists. I shall hardly be believed when I say that even to-day no German is allowed to send a business letter of any kind abroad.

5. The uncertainty of life—no one knows what may happen to him next week or month or year—grows increasingly desperate. There are two main causes: the first is "Potsdam." It might reasonably have been expected that Mr. Bevin's recent speech in the House would be followed by a "go slow" in the reparations procedure. The reverse happened. Up till then only four firms in North Rhine-Westphalia had actually been, or were in the process of being, dismantled. But on October 30th the Regional Commissioner thought fit to announce, apparently without the knowledge of Berlin, that "orders were awaited for dismantling" ten other factories, which he named; and the following day the German press added the names of two further firms which he had omitted to mention, but which had been officially informed by the responsible German body that they were to be closed down very shortly. Every German knows that there are hundreds of firms on the reparations list, but nobody knows for certain what will be the final fate of his own. How can anyone plan or work, with even a modicum of efficiency, in such a situation?

It is sometimes said that for the time being Potsdam doesn't matter, as present production is only a fraction of the permitted level. No error could be more disastrous. It is not only a question of future necessities, when the present madness will have passed; it is not only a question of the general uncertainty that slows down everything; it is a question also of direct immediate repercussions. The closing down of Hoesch, for instance, will not only ruin the whole city of Dortmund, but will also, to put it at the very lowest, seriously interrupt the production both of the fertiliser and the railway equipment that are so desperately needed. Similarly, the closing down of Mathes and Weber, one of the only two firms in the Zone manufacturing soda ash, imperils the existence of Henkel and every smaller concern that produces washing powder. And what could be madder or more wicked than to throw tens of thousands of men out of work just in mid-winter, and just in the district suffering most from the food crisis? If it had to be done, mightn't a better moment have been found?

6. The other source of uncertainty is de-nazification; and here again things are getting not better but worse. Is it realised just what

denazification means? Already there have been at least three changes in procedure; and now, if you please, vast numbers of Germans are to be placed in one or other of five categories, with appropriate penalties in the case of four. Not only will this idiocy apply to anyone who from now on may put in for any job of the smallest importance, or may be denounced or reported by somebody, or—if we follow the quadripartite directive—may have been foolish enough to obey orders and register as a "militarist." In addition, every one of the 1,368,739 questionnaires already filled up is to be re-examined with a view to categorisation. This means that people at present in jobs for which they were "passed" at a previous denazification may now be subjected to "sanctions." These questionnaires have to be seen to be believed. There are 133 questions—and among them the following: "Have you any relatives who have held office . . . in any of the organisations listed from 41 to 95 above?" "List on a separate sheet the titles and publishers of any publications from 1923 to the present, which were written in whole or in part by you and all the public addresses made by you giving subject, date and circulation or audience." "List all journeys . . . outside Germany . . . persons visited." The German wits add a final question: "Did you play with toy soldiers as a child? If so, what regiment?" How dare we betray our liberal tradition by such shameful nonsense?

7. As a result of all this and much more, we have lost—I pray for the time being only—the game of "re-education." A year ago we had one of those rare opportunities which history never repeats. Now the Germans are increasingly hostile, contemptuous of "democracy," scornful of British efficiency, and filled with that cynicism and despair which is the breeding-ground of totalitarianism. In particular, we have all but lost the German youth. I know of what I speak, for I had conferences with young people of every kind at Kiel and Hamburg and Düsseldorf. The worst of all my experiences was when a university student at Hamburg said in an agonised voice "For God's sake don't make us Nazis."

What then to do? (1) Send a Resident Minister of Cabinet rank to the British Zone. (2) Do at least what we can to ease the food situation at the cost of some national sacrifice. (3) Stop the export of coal for at least six months. (4) Unless we come to an agreement with Russia within a month, denounce Potsdam, and publish a final list of factories to be dismantled. (5) Put a term, and a very early one, to denazification. (6) Reform the financial structure without a moment's unnecessary delay. (7) Press on with a five-year plan for the rehabilitation of German industry, on the broad basis of public ownership and with an adequate import-export programme. Something of the kind is contemplated under the new Anglo-American set-up now being discussed; but any plan will have to be most carefully examined, especially since, according to rumour, it is to be based on the March "level of industry," and is to provide, even officially, no more than 1500, calories for another year. Moreover the fight will be on in the matter of nationalisation; and forces working for a ruinous economic separatism in the Länder will be greatly strengthened by American Zone influence. (8) Stop behaving like inefficient totalitarians, and try a little liberalism or democracy or Christianity instead.

Let me add, to avoid misunderstanding, that while there are too many careless, stupid, unsuitable and perhaps not over-scrupulous men in the Control Commission, the proportion of personnel, both military and civilian, which reaches the finest possible standard of devotion, ability and honour is splendidly high. But these men, almost without exception, are frustrated by the unco-ordinated working of a bureaucratic machine, by the growing divorce between Berlin and the Zone, and above all by the absence of a policy in London.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

A LONDON DIARY

THE more I look at Clem Attlee's replies to Crossman's questions last week on standardisation of armaments the more disturbed I am. War Office spokesmen have made it perfectly clear to American journalists that agreement has been reached in principle on the re-equipment of the British Army with American arms and munitions, though I gather that no such agreement has been reached with regard to the Navy or the Air Force. The present plan, worked out by Monty and Eisenhower, includes the proposal that the British 303 rifle should be replaced by the American 300: that identical systems of training should be established and that there should be a large-scale interchange of officers for this purpose. It is reckoned that the whole operation, which includes the acceptance by the British Army of the metric system, may take some ten years to complete. Under it not only Britain, but Australia and New Zealand, which use British equipment, will be geared to the American war machine. The Prime Minister's reply—that we were willing to make the same arrangements with the U.S.S.R. and to submit the plan to Uno approval—is no reply at all. While the British and American Chiefs of Staff—with the Combined Chiefs of Staff still in operation—have been going ahead, the Military Committee of the United Nations has been totally inactive since last March. We are now busily engaged with staff conversations on combined Anglo-American strategy with the Americans: no staff conversations with the Russians have taken place. It is surely obvious that such a policy must help to separate the world into two blocs instead of uniting it. How can we have independent British or Commonwealth foreign policy if we share our military secrets and our military intelligence with the Americans, and if our soldiers are armed with American weapons? Nothing which the Prime Minister said refutes the suggestion that we are being committed to a *de facto* Anglo-American Alliance under which Britain maintains a long-term conscript army which in the first year of a war will do the fighting while America supplies the arms.

* * *

Discussions of this problem are confused by the contradictory replies given by supporters of Mr. Bevin's foreign policy. I put the problem the other day to someone very close to the Cabinet, and he said, "Of course what the rebels allege is perfectly true, and thank heavens it is! In the present state of the world we must have American military backing. Don't you realise that if American troops were withdrawn from Europe to-day the Red troops would sweep to Calais?" This at least was a frank answer. Instead of following the Premier in denying the existence of an Anglo-American alliance my friend argued that Red aggression was the main danger, that we could not meet it alone, and that Anglo-American unity was the only basis on which the United Nations could be established. Once the Russians had been shown that expansion was impossible, they might co-operate—supposing that America was then in a mood to do so, which now looks improbable. If this is really the reasoning behind the Government's foreign policy, then surely the Prime Minister should say so openly, and let the country know what its commitments really are.

* * *

I am glad to see that the new American Imperialism does not pass without some comment in the United States. The most outspoken comment I've yet seen in the American press on General MacArthur's activities in Japan is contained in an editorial of the *Christian Science Monitor* of Oct. 22nd. After referring to protests by American and Japanese liberals against a policy of guaranteeing the position of Japanese reactionaries, the *Christian Science Monitor* proceeds:

> These reactionaries, it must always be remembered, are the bureaucrats, industrialists, militarists, and landed aristocracy who used the Emperor as a puppet in order to fasten their own grip first on Japan, then on the whole of East Asia. They planned or gave tacit acquiescence to the system of police terror and semislave labour at home and unspeakable military brutality abroad. They are frequently charming hosts when entertaining prominent Americans at dinner.

It is possible that the American people may soon be subjected to an intensive propaganda campaign to convince them that these are their friends, as they were once told by interested groups that Hitler was the great bulwark against Communism. The present unhappy state of affairs in China has already worn down public patience and may have won over more American military men to the thesis that Japan and not China is the natural ally for that "inevitable" war which determines the moves in power politics.

The American people should demand the facts as to where their Far Eastern policy is leading them. If firmness toward Russia means the building up of the very elements they have just fought a bitter war to destroy, then it is time to do some hard, clear thinking about fundamentals.

* * *

No one would disagree with Mr. Wilson Harris and his friends when they urge that delay in changing the conditions revealed in the Curtis Report would be simply intolerable. I presume that omission to refer to it in the King's Speech was due to a belief that administrative action would get rid of most of these evils, coupled with a fear that legislation would not be ready quickly enough. I also strongly agree that the Penal Reform Bill, which was introduced by Lord Templewood before the war, after years of work by really competent and sensible people, ought to have had priority over, say, the nationalisation of the railways, which really doesn't much matter to anyone except the shareholders, who seem likely to make an uncommonly good thing out of it. The Penal Reform Bill only just failed to become law because of people who are unconscious of irony when they say that it was the floggings they received in youth that made them the men they are to-day.

* * *

At the end of this month 65 young Czechs, boys and girls, are arriving in this country for two months' tour, to give concerts in all parts of this island. They are coming at the invitation of the World Friendship Association. The money raised will be used by the Reception Committee, which organised visits here during 1946 for some 10,000 Dutch, 600 French and 200 Czech children. Funds are urgently needed by the Reception Committee, which is doing a very remarkable job of work. These children from the Continent spent part of their time here in camps and then went on, by the invitation of private people, to hundreds of British homes. There is a generous example of a cobbler, in a very small way of business, who daily mended dozens of pairs of children's shoes and refused any payment. Doctors and dentists gave their services free of charge. Cinemas were open to the children, and there were hundreds of cars, buses and taxis to take them free whereever they wanted to go. I feel one should chalk up so good an effort, and that many more people may want to help if they know about next year's plans. They should write or send donations to the Chairman, the Reception Committee, Y.P.O.C., 29, Portman Square, W.1.

* * *

The miners' strike and the deepening food crisis proved Strachey far-sighted about bread rationing, and make such misrepresentations as the *Sunday Express* headline about "Phoney Bread Crisis" look something worse than silly. I am glad, however, that the Government has agreed to allow food parcels to be sent to Germany, and I notice that Save Europe Now is to receive parcels for dispatch from those who have no particular German friend to whom to address them. Gollancz, is to be congratulated on the success of his campaign. There is no way of saving the great mass of the German people from extreme hunger this winter, but it means a lot individually and psychologically that grown-ups

and school children alike should volunteer to send some of their sweets and points to people just because they are cold and hungry.

* * *

Blitzed London might have had a sad dignity of its own, but it is disappearing behind a galloping rash of advertising posters. A shattered, uninhabitable building offered some temptation to the surreptitious bill-poster, though the likelihood that the property was in the hands of agents made it advisable to be surreptitious. But the building of the four-foot safety-walls round the cleared bomb-sites was an open encouragement. A tentative beginning was made with election posters—these have always seemed to enjoy a special privilege (for which there is no legal warrant); and it was quickly followed by notices about public dances, boxing and race meetings, political rallies, quack medicines, auctions, concerts, and films. At first, you never saw the bill-posters—their work was clandestine. Immunity made them bolder, so that now they not only work in full view of the public but slap their bills over other people's notices not yet dry—the safety-walls are not licensed bill-posting sites and no one has any redress. It is an offence under the Police Acts to post bills on premises without the owner's consent. But who are the owners of these walls—the Government, the local authorities, the War Damage Commission, the freeholders, the estate agents, the tenants?

CRITIC

VOICE FROM THE LAKES

(The War Office proposes to annexe Ullswater as a firing area.)

O'erweening armies wound our native soil,
Presumptuous Mars stands forth as Freedom's foe!
Shall we endure another deadly blow
As ruthless hordes pure Ullswater despoil?
It is a moral cause their fraud to foil,
Let us break forth in tempest, let them know
This land in trust we to our children owe;
Rise, ramblers, and intrepid sons of toil!

Beside our Lakes my stern, indignant Shade
Mounts guard. Drive back the monster to his den.
Perish the grovelling few by force dismayed!
Expose these wrongs to universal ken!
Is burning independence now decayed?
Great God! are Britons mice, or are they men?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to A. Isaac.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Of course the Germans, and a great many other people, are starving; that is one of the consequences of defeat and it always has been. If there were no such consequences, then there would be no point in winning a war.—Letter in *News Chronicle*.

Too often biology was used in schools as a vehicle for sex education, declared Dr. Gilbert Russell, Education Secretary of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council, in Bristol yesterday.—*Western Daily Press and Bristol Mirror*.

Wanted.—8 Cannibals.—Apply Mr. Crusoe.—Advt. in *Keswick Reminder*.

Keenest Saver in the little village of Brithdir, Merionethshire, is Mrs. C. L. Farrar's Pekinese, who collects National Savings stamps each week to pay for the cost of his licence. The Peke licks his own stamps and watches carefully while they are stuck in the book.—*Cambrian News*.

We in Fenton feel that we have not much remaining now. Only last week we lost our Bowling Pavilion by fire. We have our memories left in the past and our cemetery, which is the finest in the Potteries.—*Evening Sentinel*.

Dante's *Inferno*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Goethe's *Faust*, and now . . . *Angel on My Shoulder*.—From trailer of the film.

THE CHURCHES, THE QUAKERS AND THE ATOM

EARLY last summer there appeared a Report of a Commission appointed by the British Council of Churches entitled *The Era of Atomic Power*. The purpose of the Report was to make plain the attitude of the good Christian to some of the problems of contemporary world politics. It cannot be said that it succeeds. What it does do is to make plain, (i) the inability of a State-tied Church—and the tie need not necessarily start from the pocket; it may originate in the heart and run thence to the head—to transcend the expediences of State politics; (ii) the familiar dilemma of a State-tied *Christian* Church in a world in which war and the threat of war are instruments of policy; (iii) some of the reasons for the Churches' inability to capture the imagination or to engage the attention of young persons.

To illustrate these strictures, I propose to call in witness a remarkable reply to the Report which has just been issued by the Society of Friends. This is a typical Quaker document in which the weightiness of the matter is equalled by the moderation of the manner. As an answer to the Report it seems to me unanswerable; indeed, it throws upon the divided loyalties and confused counsels of the official Churches the light of so revealing an analysis that the familiar process whereby the religious apologetics of one age become the literary entertainment of the next is in danger of being telescoped.

The Churches speak of the "torment of the dilemma" which faces them in a situation in which it is only by fighting that men can preserve their liberties. In its bearing upon the threat from the Nazis few would demur, but when fighting means dropping atomic bombs upon Japanese cities it is hard to deny the justice of the Quakers' comment, "If we are prepared to kill or maim . . . millions of God's children in an attempt to preserve 'the entire British way of life and systems of political and moral ideas which are embodied in . . the British Commonwealth of Nations,' it is difficult to see that the line can be drawn anywhere."

The Report affirms that the "Church of Christ can never be inextricably bound up with the policies of the different peoples to whom it ministers." Nevertheless, as the Quakers point out, the Report takes a fundamentally British point of view. It does not, for example, animadvert upon the existing monopoly of atomic power by America, condemn the use of atomic bombs against Japan or refer to the unashamed resumption of power politics by all the great nations including our own. And what, one asks oneself, are we to make of a reasoning which suggests that Christians can only go to war with a good conscience provided that they can subsequently satisfy themselves that during the course of the war no violence was used beyond what strict military necessity demanded? Is it not clear by this time (i) that you cannot limit violence in war; (ii) that, as war proceeds, morals grow worse and conduct progressively more brutal; (iii) that even if the most conservative view is taken of the character of future wars, the concept of the limitation of violence is ludicrously inappropriate to the age of atomic power? Apparently, as the Quakers pertinently comment, "while David might be condemned because his victims were 10,000, Saul is not condemned because his victims were only 1,000."

There are other moral ineptitudes as, for example, the suggestion that refusal to respond to a call to arms is tantamount to a denial of citizenship. Does this, the Quakers wonder, hold true of Germans, of the conscientious objectors who died in concentration camps, or of the protestants who resisted Nazi tyranny by fleeing to Holland and Norway and France? Is the concept of citizenship, they go on to ask, still to be limited in its application to the Nation State? Does the concept of world citizenship *still* lie wholly outside the Church's ken?

While it must be admitted that the position of a national Christian Church when the State goes to war can never be easy—those unfortunate statements by Christ on non-resistance are so very plain and unequivocal—need it, one wonders, be exposed to quite such ignominy as in a Report which, first, asserts that "Christ and not a political philosophy . . . is the authentic source of the [Christian's] illumination and the Church not Society the primary focus of His life" and then proceeds to qualify the assertion with "it is a serious question whether it is right for Christians to weaken the hands of their government by announcing in advance that, if hostilities take place, they will have no part in them," or which announces "that the Church . . . has in its charge the secret of a more radical way of dealing with evil," only to add, by way apparently of self-defence, that "the main stream of Christian tradition has recognised the legitimacy of war for a *just* cause." (My italics.)

It is, no doubt, true, as Samuel Butler once remarked, that it is not easy to serve both God and Mammon, but, he adds, nothing really worth doing *is* easy. Substitute Cæsar for Mammon and the Churches may, at least, be credited with having had a very good shot.

The Report culminates in the customary assertion that the Churches must lead. This may be true; it may even be true that the only way for the Churches to assume leadership is, in the Report's curious phrase, to become "stripped and ready to move into new ways." But the anxious inquirer will search in vain for a lead in these pages, while as for "stripping," there is no indication of a single garment of current State policy whose removal is advocated.

For my part, I find it difficult to avoid the reflection that the Churches are making heavier weather than the situation warrants, that talk of "the torment of the dilemma" is, to put it mildly, over-picturesque, and that the difficulty of a lead is not, after all, so very great.

I venture to suggest some obvious propositions to indicate the direction in which it should be sought. First, we cannot survive another war as a civilised nation. We cannot, but the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. probably can; their cities are not so close and their inhabitants have, therefore, a larger hinterland for dispersal. But in any foreseeable war in which we were engaged this island would be in the front line, and it is hard to believe that the life of our cities could continue. Secondly, it must, therefore, be an over-riding principle of our foreign policy to keep out of war. Thirdly, this result can be most satisfactorily achieved by agreement, trust and collaboration among the nations, and to this end the machinery of Uno should be operated for all it is worth. But let us suppose, fourthly, that such agreement is, through no fault of our own, unobtainable. Then, I suggest, we should cease to play the "Great Power" game. The "Great Power" game—and here, I should have thought, the Churches would applaud—has never been free from moral reproach since, in effect, it entails blackmailing other people into accepting the "Great Power's" will by superior force or the threat of it. Always morally undesirable, it is now, I suggest, politically inexpedient, since we have no longer the resources with which to play it. France, after the last war, made the mistake of trying to stretch her resources farther than they could carry her, and became as a result what the City calls "over-extended." The consequences we know. We are showing signs of imitating her example by failing to cut our coat according to our cloth, stretching out our necks all over the world and playing the maiden aunt to Europe much as we did in the days when, as an indisputably "Great Power," we had plenty of resources with which to play the "Great Power" game.

Now let the Churches reflect upon and, I hope, cheer the advantages of the abandonment of "Great Power" status. We should not have to endure conscription. Conscription is, I know, held to be democratic. If we must have a large Army, let the sacrifice, it is argued, be equitably spread over the population as a whole. Conscription, nevertheless, represents for many of us a surrender of yet one more liberty, a taking of yet one more step on the road from civilisation to savagery. That we should consent to the compulsory preparation of young men to kill other young men whom they have never seen in the pursuance of policies in the formation of which they have had no hand, seems to me morally repugnant. The world is sick of war; our enemies lie prostrate. Why, then, must we consent to the withdrawal from industry for eighteen months of 350,000 or more of our young men? Why, with our restricted manpower, should we acquiesce in a system under which several hundred thousand more young men will be retained in a standing Army, many of them abroad in an exile which is the cost of the parent's desire to be a "Great Power" defrayed by the children. If this wasted manpower were employed upon the work of production and reconstruction at home, we might even enjoy a little fun in the present—not much, for that would be too much to ask—but a little more than we are enjoying now.

Again, we should not have to face the prospect of a million and a half acres of our available land being monopolised by the Services for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of our young men in slaughter. Dartmoor and Ashdown Forest, the Surrey Commons and the Dorset coast, the Northumbrian moors and the Brecon mountains—and now Kingley Vale—what a melancholy tale they tell of the spoliation and sequestration of wild land; and, since the argument from production counts more than the argument from beauty, let me add, the spoliation and sequestration of first-rate farming land. And in this connection the Churches might have asked, why in any event this need for the training of vast armies, since it is reasonably certain that the next war will be fought by atomic rockets directed and intercepted by radar? It is probably too much to expect that military men should read such books as Fuller's *Armaments and History*, or Liddell Hart's *The Revolution in Warfare*, but not, I suggest, that clergymen who write Reports should do so. And if they did, they would realise that "the torment of the dilemma" which is presented to them by the necessity of defending our way of life by compelling vast numbers of young men to learn to kill one another is now academic.

I suggest, then, that the Churches should "lead" in the direction of an immediate reduction of our armaments and commitments. Uno, no doubt, we should be prepared to support, but I suggest that our commitments in this direction should be commensurate with our *present population* and not with our past pretensions as a Great Power.

I am not so simple as to suppose that such a change of policy can be effected overnight; it may take a generation to disembarrass ourselves of the Empire which our fathers won and hung like a millstone round our necks. The Government has shown the way in Egypt and in India. As further instalments of the same policy, I would suggest reducing our forces in the Middle East, which we should be prepared ultimately to abandon altogether, and sharing such bases as Malta and Gibraltar with the Americans, until Uno is prepared to take over. I suggest that it is by the force of moral leadership, and not by the power of bayonets, that we should seek to make our impact upon the contemporary world in the era of atomic power. I suggest, further, that the power of moral leadership will be increased in proportion as the number of the bayonets is diminished, and at this suggestion I really think that the Churches might bring themselves to raise a cheer.

C. E. M. JOAD

GOING TO THE DOGS

It was the Dragoman who made me go. "Don't forget your Dragoman," exhorted the advertisement: "The best guide to greyhound racing." The appeal of going to the dogs under Arabic auspices was irresistible. The greyhound fraternity tends to classicism. "Midas" gives tips for a shilling; "Palatinus" is a Track correspondent. Nearly all National Dailies, including the *Daily Worker*, carry forecasts and at least one morning paper is devoted exclusively to dog racing—the other day it informed its readers that the Exhibition of Royal Pictures is of interest because greyhounds appear in several of the paintings.

The wind cut down the damp street. I had anticipated that the Dragoman and I might be the only sportsmen out on such a night. I soon found I was wrong. Men and women of all sizes and ages were pouring from the railway station and tumbling out of buses to make up a tense, silent, expectant throng. With grim expressions and set shoulders, we marched forward; it was like a scene from a film of the October Revolution.

The track running round the oval stadium is lit with arc lamps. At one end, large illuminated clocks with shillings marked on their dials in the place of minutes reveal the state of the betting on the next race. In the expensive part there is a glass restaurant where you can eat in warmth and watch at the same time. It is all very impressive which, I tell myself, is not surprising when you consider the financial rewards for the organisers of this popular recreation. For instance, the Greyhound Racing Association, Ltd., paid a dividend of 4,250 per cent. on its shilling shares in 1944 (double the dividend for 1939).

In the distance a group of tic-tac men is signalling the odds; the lights catch their hands waving and falling. One of them conducts the first eight bars of the Third Brandenburg Concerto while another goes quite a way with the Overture to the Magic Flute. Before each race six white-clad Acolytes in bowler hats lead round the contestants. Occasionally the procession halts while an animal discharges a natural function. Behind walks a seventh Acolyte with a dustpan and brush. To be copropher at a dog track! It needs the pen of a Ferdinand Céline or Albert Camus to do the job justice.

A long line of raucous bookmakers shout the odds. In contrast the crowd is silent, jostling and shuffling, staring at the bookies' boards, gazing at the betting clocks, from time to time muttering. White faced and indistinct, the onlookers tiered in the stygian gloom of the stands behind appear as wraiths. People only come to life for the few seconds the dogs are actually running. Then, as the greyhounds leap from their starting traps, a roar begins on the far side, gathers and is upon us like a hail storm on a tin roof; it passes, dies and there is silence again.

The programme is scheduled to last nearly two and a half hours; the total time taken by the eight races themselves will be approximately four minutes. So some 146 minutes can be devoted to glum meditation on the betting forecast apparatuses and placing wagers. In a tomb-like vault under the stands, many of the speculators queue morosely before the totalisators, mutter through holes in the wall, grab their tickets, hastily hide them in their pockets or handbags and slink away. It is important not to let anyone else know what you've backed. It might reduce the odds. Behind me are two well-dressed middle-aged women. From their voices I should have sworn they were mistresses at a Girls' Public School and their favourite relaxation Miss Dorothy Sayers. They are talking about whether their combinations are going to come off and I am slightly embarrassed until I realise they mean their forecasts for the first and second in the fourth race. They come every week—"it makes a break"—and they instruct me in all the ingenious variations of betting: "two dogs," "three dogs," "backing a trap," "one against the Field." These, if successful, pay a far better dividend than going for a simple win or a place. With all the mathematical calculation involved I begin to understand why everyone looks so gloomy; it must be a frightful mental strain.

Nobody ever refers to a dog by name, merely by the number of the trap it starts from. As the greyhounds streak by, the crowd shouts: "Go on, Four," "catch him, One," "where are you, Three?" (This is very different from horse-racing where favourite jockeys and their mounts are given affectionate nicknames.) Leaning on the rails and watching a parade go by, I remark to the girl next to me, "That Captain Charlie looks a nice dog." "What number?" she asks. She and her boy friend don't think much of that number, they've "done" another one (but they don't tell me which it is). Their combined ages aren't more than 45. She works as a waitress, he sells gents' hosiery. Thursdays and Saturdays they go to the dogs; Mondays and Fridays to the cinema; Wednesday is football pool evening; Sundays they dance. Every night they "must have something to do." Greyhounds are their favourite evenings because it gives them a thrill and a chance to make money. Sid, the boy, has a system but he's reticent about whether it has made them much so far. They both live at their homes with their parents; between them they earn over £8 a week, but one of the great attractions of betting is that any wins are tax free. They plan to get married and have a car. The girl leans and rubs the back of her head against her boy's chest; he bends affectionately. Suddenly a bell rings and the dogs come out; they stiffen into impersonality again.

Perce, a burly man in a cap and muffler, echoes their views. He's earning enough at his job but here's a way of spending your excess and getting a profit back which won't be taxed. "Something useful to do, see." Better than working overtime and getting time-and-a-half, which is taxed. He waves his arm to include all those around us. The syndicate of three boarding-house keepers; the bespectacled city clerk; the fat woman cuddling her sleepy little son ("there's a good boy, come to your Ma. I hope your Dad's got to the tote in time. We'll have a nice kipper when we get home"); the dreary carping married couple ("Oh, leave Mr. Burke out of it, Fred, and let's look at the numbers"); the bus conductors and conductresses (they've been standing all day but seem tireless); the plain women scattered alone among the stands (the lights, the sound of other humans . . . anything is better than a lonely room and the tempting reek of the gas fire). They've all got plenty of ready cash, but there's nothing to spend it on. Such is the peculiar logic of Mammon that they want to make more without owning up to Dr. Dalton.

The attendant said the crowd was "average," on a big race night you couldn't move. In London there is greyhound racing every night of the week bar Sundays; on Thursdays six tracks function simultaneously, on Saturdays eight. There are also numerous tracks in the Provinces. Entrance is cheap (the popular price is 2s.), racing takes place in the evenings after working hours and the tracks are easily reached. A company owning three London stadiums made a profit of £432,500 last year. It is estimated over £318,000 of this will be taken in taxation. Profits, before all taxation, for the year ending April 30th, 1939, were £72,827. The company says: "It is a matter of common knowledge that the popularity of the sport is growing rapidly. . . . The Greyhound Racing Industry has probably been the heaviest contributor in relation to its size of Excess Profits Tax and therefore stands to benefit even more than other industries from the reduced rate of this tax during the present year, and its complete cancellation next year." A deputation from religious bodies is recently reported as having drawn the attention of the Home Secretary to the "extraordinary increase" in betting on dog racing.

I cannot say whether any backer does succeed in making a tax-free fortune but the presence of over 100 bookmakers in the cheapest part of the track I attended leads me to doubt it. Had I taken the trouble to bet, my "Dragoman" would have quadrupled my original stake if I had backed his three selections in each race for a place, but I should have lost an equivalent amount following his first selection alone for a win. On the other hand, Comrade "Grader" of the *Daily Worker* would have doubled my stake on his win selection, but I should have been slightly out of pocket if I had taken his advice for a win and a place. Gambling is a perplexing and worrying business.

Cold and tired we came away to line up for trains

and buses. The bus conductor was cheerful. "Come along, you lucky winners," he called. "Hurry along please." But presumably he had been working for the past six hours, not engaging in a recreational industry. Probably, I reflected, I had set up a new record for the stadium; I hadn't had a bet the whole evening. Also I fancy I was the only one who had thoroughly enjoyed himself. Except perhaps for the dogs.

CHARLES DIMONT

The Arts and Entertainment

OLD MUSIC AND NEW

CHARITABLE considerations apart, those who eschewed the monster Albert Hall celebrations of St. Cecilia's Day in favour of the humbler Morley College affair at the Central Hall made a wise choice, for a more nteresting and a more enjoyable occasion it would be difficult to imagine. I question whether so faithful a performance of Purcell's greatest *St. Cecilia Ode* can have been given since the original one of 1692. Textual fidelity can be a pedantic bore; but the fidelity displayed by Michael Tippett and his fellow Purcell enthusiasts is free from pedantry, because it is based, not only on scholarship, but on the personal conviction of a creative artist that the gist of Purcell's thought cannot otherwise be conveyed. The harmonious cooing of a choir of recorders is a delicious noise to which we are growing accustomed; but the sound of a Purcellian counter-tenor must have come as a novelty to many of the audience. By dictionary definition, a counter-tenor is the same thing as a male alto: that is to say, a grown man with a specially trained falsetto register. But the ordinary English cathedral alto would have a fit if required to sing the highly florid and expressive counter-tenor solos which abound in the works of Purcell, and are accounted for by the fact that this was the principal professional voice of Purcell's epoch. Michael Tippett set himself to revive this lost tradition and found, in a singer named Alfred Deller, the ideal collaborator; Mr. Deller does far more than merely "manage" the complexities of his solos and duets, he executes them with the certainty of a virtuoso and the taste of a considerable musician. Smooth, flexible and free from hoot, his voice resembles certain stops on the solo organ; its compass (as exhibited on this occasion) extends upwards for some two octaves from the F below middle C, the upper fifth being particularly pure and liquid. The subleties of blend and contrast produced in his duet with Peter Pears will long remain in my memory; but the entire *Ode* was given, by all concerned, a performance which made the very most of its baroque variety and magnificence.

At the same concert, Britten's *Rejoice in the Lamb* was sung with a purity and penetration which went deep enough to fix one's attention almost as much on the personality of "mad" Christopher Smart as on that of the composer. In particular, Margaret Ritchie's delivery of the section devoted to the poet's "cat Jeoffry" divested it of mere quaintness, and revealed all its tender, childlike and immaculate beauty Geraint Jones, who accompanied with the utmost discretion, also played a new and highly characteristic *Prelude and Fugue on a Theme of Victoria* by Britten which makes a valuable addition to the organ's rather starchy modern repertory. Another new work of Britten's which has been recently heard is the orchestral *Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Purcell*. This piece is designed to illustrate, for an nstructional film, the various instruments of the orchestra, which are severally introduced with consummate virtuosity and charm. A mere *jeu d'esprit*, of course; but one which leaves us more than ever anxious that Britten should contribute anew to the repertory of the full orchestra: a field which, except for the *Sinfonia da Requiem*, he has unaccountably neglected.

The second of this season's Boosey and Hawkes oncerts contained more new music than could be ery well assimilated at a single sitting, and the result was particularly hard on Edmund Rubbra, whose important *String Quartet in F Minor* came last. Rubbra is a composer of solid substance, oddly indifferent to refinements of texture. As often, I admired the powerful and consistent drive of his thought, while wishing that he could be induced to present it to the listener with greater boldness, variety and charm: the quality of the meat can't be denied, but need the cooking be so unflinchingly plain? At the other pole from Rubbra stands Shostakovich, who can usually be relied upon to make the best of the most trivial material. It may well be, for example, that the *Valse* in his *Second String Quartet* is basically as feeble as some of my colleagues found it, but it is worked up into what seemed to me a rather fascinating B flat minor web of Tchaikovskian melancholy. If the Quartet as a whole is unworthy of the composer's brilliant youth, at least it is immensely superior to his dreadful sham-popular *Ninth Symphony*.

Out of the immense output of the Czech composer Bohuslav Martinu, I recall some very interesting chamber music; and the composer's programme note to his *First Symphony* (he has written four since 1942) contained a strong protest against the cult of "sheer orchestral power" which I find most sympathetic. It came, therefore, as something of a shock to find his *Fourth Symphony* (brilliantly performed under Kubelik at the People's Palace) to be one of the most uproarious compositions in existence. Content and texture are original, yet recognisably Czech in the *al fresco* Smetana tradition; and the first movement, at least, proved highly enjoyable. But what a rampageous finale!

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

ROUND THE EXHIBITIONS

TWO exceptional Poussins are on view in London at present. How seldom in the course of recent years could this sentence be written without any qualification! One is the *Marriage of St. Catherine* from the Cook Collection, lifted down from its dark corner in Doughty House, cleaned, and set in a place of honour on the walls of an upper room at Agnew's. The other is a self-portrait, rediscovered recently in an English private collection and placed on exhibition in the Gimpel Galleries. With this, their first exhibition of five centuries of French painting, the Gimpel brothers have taken up a position in the forefront of London dealers; and those who are in the habit of doing the rounds of the galleries will from now onwards have to add 84 Duke Street to their repertory. The Poussin self-portrait was painted in 1649, shortly before the well-known self-portrait in the Louvre. It has none of the unapproachable, statuesque character of the Louvre picture, but shows Poussin in a much more intimate, more reflective mood—and this in spite of the severe classical bas-relief behind him. The manner in which the artist gazes out rather furtively at the spectator gives us a fleeting glimpse of some unsuspected private existence beyond the public personality which Poussin habitually presented to the world. A self-portrait is always the most eloquent revelation of a painter's character because it tells us not only what he looked like, but what he thought he looked like, and what he wishes others to think he looked like. Thus willy-nilly he reveals himself at different levels of consciousness, and I suspect that since the discovery of this picture even our Poussin experts will grudgingly admit that new light has been shed on the master, and will have to readjust their views to suit the new evidence.

There are a number of other pictures in this exhibition worth seeing. Next door to the Poussin will be found a hare lying dead on a stone slab and a little girl reading out of an enormous book, excellent examples of Chardin and Fragonard. In the passage, all too easily overlooked, are two pen drawings of lions by Delacroix, dormant but tense in every muscle, ready to pounce at the slightest provocation. In the room devoted to modern painting are two large indifferent canvases by Monet and Pissarro, a noble heraldic animal in gouache by Lurçat, an unimportant Picasso, an attractive portrait of a girl (although "attractive" is the last adjective one would normally dream of applying to him) by Soutine. But it is of the Degas that I wish to write, the Degas which riveted my attention and destroyed for me almost every other picture in the room. It represents Mlle Rouart pausing on her journey through the rooms of a museum, to rest her hands on the back of an empty chair. On the wall behind her hangs a landscape which began life as a Corot and ended as a Degas, and to the left a mirror in which is reflected a long line of Egyptian mummies in steep perspective. Nowadays we ignorantly assume that the accurate representation of objects on canvas is a pedestrian accomplishment: but here Degas transforms accuracy into magic. In this mirror he concentrates the whole barrage of his genius, determined to capture intact the small, fugitive patch of high light, the hazy outlines of the statues, the surface no less than the recession. And look how he has searched for form in every knuckle of her fingers! The memory of this miraculous apparition invested with light and warmth the remainder of my dismal autumn afternoon.

BENEDICT NICOLSON.

THEATRE

"Caste," at the Lyric, Hammersmith
"Lady Frederick," at the Savoy

Whoever goes to see *Caste* expecting a good laugh at a dog's-eared old melodrama will get the shock of his life. When he witnesses the high-born soldier in the plot return unexpectedly to his low-born wife, to find her living in reduced circumstances with her drunken father, he will be very lucky indeed to escape with a dry handkerchief. The historical importance of this first modern English play is celebrated. The 1850-1900 volume of Allardyce Nicoll's History describes the more typical drama of the Sixties in detail. The dramatic writers of the time stuck their pens in grease paint to draw masterpieces of unreal theatricality. The scenery (heavily advertised) would range from the Lake of Killarney (moonlight) to the Cottage of the Colleen Bawn. The dialogue was confined to a dozen phrases, constantly repeated, such as "Do I Dream! No!" "See! There is a light in the cottage," or "Your ill-timed attentions reveal the baseness of your purpose!" The characters were not only stock types, they were still further reduced by being made to fit stock actors—the Lead, the Character Role, the Walking Gentleman, or the Soubrette.

By the time he came to write *Caste*, Tom Robertson was substituting the dialogue and character of real life for the conventions of Boucicault and Tom Taylor. In place of the everlasting puns of H. J. Byron, there is the humour and pathos of observation. True, this does not explain why the play can move us still.

Caste is a very simple play, but it is a sincere one. For the first time, in Robertson's plays, the emphasis is less on the plot than on the theme. The play believes in itself—and from the tender and expressive acting at the Lyric, we see that in this most sympathetic production the actors believe in their parts, from Morland Graham, as the beer-logged father, to the two daughters, Miss Brenda Bruce and Miss Iris Russell, who refuse to take the opportunity offered here to the unskilled actress of burying themselves in Mid-Victorian poses, looking like Dickens heroines, their seemingly legless feet appearing statically beneath their petticoats "like tea-leaves" (in Max's phrase). Miss Russell's part seemed to be breaking out of her uncontrollably, as it were. The more dignified Mr. Frith Banbury and Mr. Clement McCallin circumvented awkward asides like "The little cad has something in him after all," or "Caste! Caste! Curse Caste!" with perfectly respectful propriety.

Lady Frederick. I was grateful for this opportunity of seeing early Maugham—the play which once so pleasurably shocked my theatre-minded uncle. It was a novel notion, too, to put this Edwardian play into the costume of the Eighties, on the general principle, one guesses, that the earlier the period, the more period it is. But the faint clash in styles, between du Maurier dresses and the dialogue of early advanced Bright Young, left me feeling slightly cross-eyed, and the pale mauve effect of the setting had to struggle against the sticky gold frame of the Savoy Theatre. The dialogue has all the structure, the cadence and indeed, except for the lack of point, all the shape of epigram. Miss Coral Browne admirably carried the play. Mr. Anthony Ireland and Mr. Christopher Quest and Miss Raine were my pick of the smaller parts.

STEPHEN POTTER

RADIO NOTES

In Parenthesis, by the painter-poet, David Jones, was one of the very few literary masterpieces produced by the 1914 war. Although it won the Hawthornden prize, this moving poetic experiment has never achieved popularity because it is "difficult." Unprepared alternation between poetic speech and vernacular is a method which modern readers find hard to cope with; and the constant allusions to the Morte d'Arthur, the Chansons de Geste, and Catholic theology, most of which are familiar only to specialists, make a first reading of the book a matter of considerable trouble. But how worth while that trouble is! The writer has felt the whole of his subject, and this whole includes not only his own experience on the Western Front in 1917 but also the ardours and endurances of medieval heroes whose features he discerned behind those of his companions in arms. Those of us who have undergone the spell of Mr. Jones's delicate and lovely pictures may see a parallel between their refusal of ordinary perspective and the stylistic convention of *In Parenthesis*. Both together throw light on the fundamental stratagems of radio drama; but even to experienced listeners it would, I think, have been a help if the author had given—perhaps on the day preceding the broadcast—a fuller explanation of the dual nature of his subject. Being thoroughly acquainted with the book, I find it hard to decide how confusing the various "levels of reality" employed in the broadcast version may have been to those otherwise placed; even so, it seemed to me that Douglas Cleverdon showed amazing skill in selecting all that was essential to present a clear sequence of action, to delineate the characters, and to build up a very subtle but vivid and coherent picture of trench warfare. Mr. Jones calls his book "a shape in words": in the broadcast this shape was given depth and colour by an exemplary use of sound-effects and some entirely suitable music by Miss Elizabeth Poston. There was no confusion of texture; the production was remarkably smooth; and the acting was so thoroughly fine, and produced with so resolute an ear for the least insistence, that no part stood out above another in excellence. The ghostly effect of the intense quietness which reigned throughout most of the piece conveyed to admiration the quality of the experience recorded in the preface to the book: ". . . the day by day in the Waste Land, the sudden violences and the long stillnesses, the sharp contours and unformed voids of that mysterious existence, profoundly affected the imagination of those who suffered it. It was a place of enchantment." This beautiful essay in poetic realism is a measure of the extent to which radio can outstrip the stage in completeness of illusion—in homogeneity of æsthetic experience.

Mr. Henry Reed's excursion into the emotional effect of sound divorced from its context was a very pretty piece of radio, amusing and at moments beautiful. What makes noises unpleasant? Aggressive self-assertion. Pleasant? Discretion or warm sociability. Grand? Purposefulness or utter unlikeness to human sounds. Mr. Reed left us to draw these conclusions, which were implicit in his vocabulary of noises. He might with advantage have insisted more upon the purely nervous horror inspired by *whispering*, and have gone on to explain the origin of our feeling towards certain sounds by process of analogy (e.g., mosquito followed by V1; tearing calico, followed by chorus of sopranos singing fortissimo). Here are some suggestions for a new edition of this fascinating broadcast. (1) *Unpleasant:* Dripping taps; people who beat time to music; whistling with fashionable super-imposed tremolo; sighing; teeth-sucking; knife on a plate; wobbling soprano. (2) *Pleasant:* Chickens clucking cosily; lawn-mower running up a scale, then starting again; scythe being honed; pendulum clocks; bumble bees; children playing in the distance.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Day of Wrath," at the Academy

One attraction of cinema-going, for the more than casual viewer, is the split nature of films which he will feel pulling now this way, now that. The two characters reflect our every-day alertness and our day-dreaming. The first can be appeased only by the most immediate and vivid perceptions, and for this films are in many ways so admirably adapted that we may take it as their natural bent. In that direction, the film travels more widely, surely, satisfactorily than in any other. But then, once in a while, comes the second kind of film, project not of the outer but the inner eye. It creates rather than selects, it upholds the impulse. Is there a contradiction here? I hardly think so. The camera will still be found to have triumphed by its own means of realistic impressionism.

Dreyer's *Day of Wrath* goes, apparently, against the stream of film-making. It moves slowly, but at times with almost unbearable intensity; it takes a remote theme and brings it close; it gathers instead of dispersing; it specialises in delay, the reflected emotion, the action off-stage. Not the methods our eyes and ears have grown used to. Nor are we accustomed to the degree of visual beauty with which Dreyer alone, in my experience of films, enriches his subject. That subject is not so remote as, reading the synopsis, one might infer. "The 17th century. Witch-hunting lies like a curse over Denmark. Denunciation leads to torture, confession, and the stake. "The same superstition and fear grip accusers and accused alike." Does that seem far away? The film shows it close-up. And not till long afterwards, when we try to follow out our impressions, will it occur to us that one reason why *Day of Wrath* so dominates the spectator is that we also live in times of mass-hysteria, persecution and torture; and that between political trial in Moscow, Berlin, Paris, or Nuremberg and a religious inquisition there is, in fact, no considerable difference. Our own witch-hunts are actuated by motives less austere and carried out with grosser brutality.

The modern parallel never, let me emphasise, appears in the film: if it did, *Day of Wrath* would be considerably less a work of art. But there it underlies, both in Dreyer and in us, and partly it accounts for the awe and tears which this film must incite in anyone of adult sensibilities. For the first quarter of an hour, as we witness the little meetings in a household—middle-aged pastor, his mother and young (too young) wife—a tinny bell announces the witch-hunt and an old wide-eyed simpleton crouches and scampers outside, before seeking shelter in the loft, where she's taken. The subsequent cross-examination, confession under torture, and burning are terrible; yet terrible in restraint, in that purgation which the mind needs, surfeited with Belsens and Dachaus. Then the prevalent mania begins its work with the mild family we have come to know. The pastor: he has his guilty secret, knowing that his wife's mother, also, had been a witch. The wife, a mere girl, is told; the implacable mother guesses; between the girl and the pastor's son a brief love flowers. After an almost wordless episode of great beauty, the girl believes herself possessed and wishes the death of her ageing husband. He dies. At the funeral she is denounced, and nothing now will prevent her from confessing and going to the stake.

So written down, *Day of Wrath* may appear more dreadful than it is. It moves, but never shocks. The methods by which Dreyer attains to tragedy are everywhere deliberate and subtle. Our horror, for example, at the initial burning is shifted to the choir-boys who, as the moment of execution impends, chant expressionlessly their well-learnt *Dies Irae*; and perhaps the most dramatic touch of the whole piece is the look of bold cunning and pleasure that comes over the girl's face, when, for the first time, she has experienced love; it is the beginning, too, of her belief in witchcraft. Once again I must stress the fact that *Day of Wrath*, by its truthfulness and nobility of style, leaves impressions, not of panic, but of beauty. If

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the film has a fault, it is that the deliberation of pattern is carried even a little too far.

What remains to be said? The acting, or portrait-drawing, of the whole cast and especially of Lisbeth Movin as the wife and Anna Svierkier as the old witch, is as faultless as the settings and camera-work. The dialogue is in Danish, with English sub-titles; but we need them only occasionally. Every face, look, gesture speaks for itself. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

STONE CURLEWS IN WILTSHIRE

Across the downland ridges in the night
The tall Stone-runners cry;
Coursing with bent shanks, or in skimming flight,
You glimpse them through the darkness speeding by.

Silent they rest amid the stones by day
And drowse or brood and blink;
Then in the gloaming rise and make their way
To some lone dew-pond where they feed and drink.

The last glow fades; the nearest hills turn black;
And, on the warm breeze borne,
The acrid scent of sheep floats down the track
That overhangs a mile of yellowing corn.

The nightjar's long-drawn rhythmic rattle sounds,
And in the distant coombe
The hungry barn-owl glides upon his rounds
Along the hedges where the straw-ricks loom.

Around the enswarded pool they move at ease,
Or pausing turn to hail
Their mates and comrades from the nigh ewe-leaze
To follow on the wonted evening trail.

And soon their loud clear wailing fills the air—
Dew-leep, dew-leep, dew-leep—
Over the dark form of the browsing hare,
Over the sudden whiteness of the sheep.

Birds of the wild waste lands, they cannot brook
Man's trimly gardened fields,
Nor ever, like the ringdove or the rook,
Thrive, taking toll of what his labour yields.

Where towns and tillage spread, their race declines,
Thrust from its ancient seats—
Like Celtic hordes before the Roman lines,
Dwindling in inaccessible retreats.

BERTRAM LLOYD

Correspondence

DEMOBILISATION SLOWS DOWN

SIR,—Feeling in this Command has reached fever pitch since the statement made on November 8th that A and S Group 46 would be demobbed from December 22nd to January 3rd, 1947, A and S Group 47 from February 1st to March 27th, 1947, and that there was a possibility that 50 Group would start demob. in June, 1947.

Even the most sceptical had expected a better effort than this, especially since Mr. Attlee himself had proudly announced that 85 per cent. of men serving on VE Day would be demobbed by the end of the year. There are men in A and S Groups 48 to 64 who have already served anything from 2 to 4½ years. This brings them into the army well before VE Day, and would include 50 per cent. of most units serving in this Command. It would appear, then, that Mr. Attlee's 85 per cent. would be more in the region of 45 per cent.

We would point out that, in the plans for conscription as announced by the Government, only men between the ages of 18 and 23 will be called upon, owing to the shortage of man-power for essential reconstruction work. What, then, of the men well above this age limit who are still serving and will be serving in June, 1947, and the many skilled workers still held in the Forces?

The answer given by the Minister of War, when the question of demobilisation was raised in the House, was that owing to the commitments abroad it would be necessary to maintain a large force of trained men to meet these commitments. We contend that we have the right to demand a review of this situation which would appear to revolve around a misguided foreign policy.

M.E.L.F. TWO CORPORALS

HAPPY CHILDREN

SIR,—From six years' experience in charge of a co-educational boarding school for all ages, after a similar period in secondary schools in Scotland, I should like to endorse in general what Dora Russell says on the Curtis Report. Considering the horrible results of mass living, the cold cruelty that is abroad today, I should say it is obvious that every effort to have smaller, more human, units of people is to be encouraged. Not "Bigger and Better" then, but "*Smaller* and Better" should be our slogan for schools.

But especially I should like to substantiate what she says concerning children being educated away from home. I have no doubt she speaks from the experience gained in her own school. The paradoxical findings of A. S. Neill point the same way. When he found that the only children at his school who cried for home were those from *unhappy* homes, Neill concluded that these children were crying for the homes they *felt* they should have had, weeping for the happiness and love they unconsciously knew was their birthright. The essence of the Cambridge Report on wartime evacuation—"what children need is plenty of good food and love, but the more important is love"—was an ancient finding no doubt; but can there be any really new things to be found out about children?

My own feeling is that the truths concerning happy children—and these should be the basis of our educational laws—must really be simple. We must find out from experience and imaginative observation what is normal in children's behaviour, and establish on that foundation a new code of their rights. From this point of view children away from home, whether sent to boarding school (willingly or like snail) or placed in institutions by a State authority, are actually children separated from their parents, shut out from a circle that should contain them with warmth; and unless this can again be built round them they can never be happy. If we can create this warmth we have a chance to foster healthy emotional development both in the normal child and in the difficult or problem child—our only chance to restore the latter.

Now most orthodox teachers and educationists are perhaps afraid of the methods (reputed) of people like Dora Russell and A. S. Neill. "Extremists both" they say. Perhaps, but there is nothing shocking or frightening in what Dora Russell now suggests—indeed she asks for schools more like old-fashioned homes. It may be that the extreme measures or "wholesale freedom" methods of such pioneers were necessary in order to show what could be. My own experience is that freedom works with children. In this school the more we have been able to exercise real care and consideration for their essential needs (and this is only possible in small groups) the less need has there been for discipline from outside themselves to control their behaviour, and the more easily have they been guided into worthwhile activities. In short, the happier children are, the better they are, socially.

The work of people like Susan Isaacs in this country and Karl Menninger in America tells the same story. Menninger goes as far as to say that the later life history of children boarded out to institutions before the age of two is significantly different from that of children who had the warmth of a home for these two years. As Dora Russell says, the research has

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been carried out. The next step is to apply the findings. Happy children make happy people and these in turn good citizens.

JOHN M. AITKENHEAD

Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

BRITISH ZONE IN GERMANY

SIR,—Having just completed twelve months' service in Germany as Industrial Relations Officer, I believe I am in a position to talk at first hand of the new German Trade Union movement. The comments in your last issue about the red tape in the early stages are more than justified—I am in a position to say that British Civil Service bureaucracy just about broke the hearts of those German leaders who were, twelve months ago, almost out-Tolpuddling Tolpuddle. Why Civil Service? Because the development of trade unions comes within the purview of Manpower Branch, and this is ruled by permanent Civil Servants seconded from the Ministry of Labour. They were given far too much power. They had little or no experience of trade union building and organisation. You are correct also when you say that some of them had no sympathy with trade unions. It was bureaucracy gone mad. Any attempt on the part of the very few of us schooled in our movement to give active assistance was frowned upon. You refer to the Bielefeld conference of October 4th, at which a real change had taken place. I would point out, however, that the new line was forced by the pressure of circumstances, and there is no doubt that the people in control realised the utter hopelessness of the position. The slow development of full functioning trade unions was causing unfavourable comment in many circles. I well recall the comment of a senior permanent Civil Servant who, when I referred to the "three-phase" system of development as farcical and unscientific, replied "we used it only as a device for officers with no experience in the development of unions, for their easy guidance." In the American Zone, all officers in charge of trade union development are seconded either from the A.F.L. or the C.I.O. If in our Zone they had come from the T.U.C. a far different story would have been told. This was the initial mistake. The job should never have been handed to the Civil Service.

There are no means of consultation whatever whereby the knowledge and experience of people either from industry or the British trade union movement may be utilised. Army red tape is bad enough in all conscience: Civil Service is worse, but put the two together and what have you? You have the reason for the existing chaos and mismanagement in Germany.

You also referred to the visit of four German trade unionists to the Antwerp conference of the International Transport Workers' Federation. You went on to say that at the last moment, Mil-Gov. refused to change their marks into francs. This is absolutely correct. Although the visit was sponsored by Whitehall, the amount of red tape that had to be gone through was incredible. Everybody passed the buck, and no one would accept responsibility. Your readers will possibly hardly credit how, in the end, we obtained some francs for them. I myself, with only two hours to go to catch the train, drew upon my own salary in Hamburg, ostensibly going on short leave to Brussels. In the words of the leader of the delegation, "it's a good job we have a trade unionist in charge." Had it been left to bureaucracy, there would have been no German delegation to the Antwerp conference. I hold the receipt for 1,760 francs, being only £2 10*s.* per delegate, for expenses.

With regard to the question of the confiscation of furniture from prominent anti-Nazis. It is folly for the Minister to deny in the House that any one has suffered. I gave the names of the T.U. leaders whose furniture was either taken or else just saved in time: Franz Spliedt, Chairman, Hamburg T.U. centre; Paul Bebert, leader of the builders, Hellweg, leader of the woodworkers. I myself arrived in time at Spliedt's house to prevent its being taken; I got most of Bebert's back. In both cases I had days of fighting red tape and stupidity. Hellweg's has also been returned. On this, as indeed on most other matters, the Minister continues to be misinformed. To say that our requisitioning of houses for British families causes no hardship is also nonsense. I know of cases where ten people have been rendered homeless to provide accommodation for a British officer and wife.

TOM AGAR

K.15, Du Cane Court, Balham, S.W.17.

ADVERTISERS AND THE PRESS

SIR,—The remarks in Parliament of my friend Mr. Douglas Jay about the influence of advertisers on the press (quoted at the head of your article "Absolute Humbug") betray in my view a rather superficial interpretation of cause and effect, which tends to put a very false complexion on the whole issue.

So long as newspapers have any authority with the public they will presumably always be subject to pressure from one interest or another to publish news or views of a particular colour. Whether it is a Government Department, a City interest, a trade union, a football club, or any other body, it will have something to gain by getting its case favourably publicised. It may be true that in the predominantly capitalist pre-war community, editors and proprietors mainly selected from the dominant class, did tend to find a common link with "big business" interests, and as a result may have on some occasions shown them undue favour.

Such pressure, however, is not exerted through the giving or withholding of advertising. If there were no advertising, editors would still be equally subject to pressure of all kinds. On the contrary, the existence of a strong advertising revenue derived from a large and varied advertising clientele is surely one of the best possible bulwarks of the independence of the editor. Having to look for support from no particular group of advertisers or commercial or political interests he can preserve, and in my experience does preserve, his freedom to follow a policy which reflects his own or his proprietors' outlook—which, of course, may or may not be one of which Mr. Jay would approve.

This is surely a system greatly to be preferred to making the press, or other moulds of public opinion, the monopoly of the Government in power as in the dictatorship systems, or the tools of some particular narrow interest or clique, whether a Bank or a trade union, as in some other countries.

As an advertising agent of many years' experience, I think it is true to say that advertisers and their agents are influenced in their choice of advertising media solely by the value they get, in terms of the number of readers of the age, sex, income or interest groups most appropriate to their products, at the most economical cost. If evidence were needed it lies in the volume of advertising, sponsored by so-called capitalist interests, which is to be found in the *Daily Herald*, the *Daily Mirror*, and even (though this paper has much less to offer) the *Daily Worker*.

So far as advertisers also endeavour to promote their case in the editorial columns of papers they either use or do not use for advertising, it is on the basis of submitting to the editor information of news or feature value which the editor is free to reject, in the same way as he must reject much of the news or feature contributions which he receives from so many sources. Any editor who failed to preserve this independence would rapidly find that his columns lost their authority and became suspect to both reader and advertiser.

J. W. HOBSON

PALESTINE PARTITION

SIR,—It is a characteristic of Arab politicians' statements to be extreme. There is never any suggestion of compromise, and this may account for Mr. Hourani's threat, published in your last issue, that any concession to the Zionists would be met by "an immediate and violent revolt." It is an old story, and

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does not help those who have the difficult task of settling the perfectly legitimate needs of Arab and Jewish national aspirations in Palestine. But when Mr. Hourani threatens, it is as well to examine the shot in his locker. What happened last time the Arabs rebelled?:

1. Arab areas controlled by the rebels at various times were so terrorised that, in the whole period of 1936–39, far more Arabs were killed by the "fighters of the Jihad against Zionism and the Mandate" than Jews or British. Peace came not so much as a result of intensified British measures to subdue the rebellion, though these were the second contributory factor, but because the *Arab* population was thoroughly fed up with being robbed and murdered by lawless compatriots.

2. Recruits to the Jihad were, with a few exceptions, criminals and those on the fringe of destitution who saw a chance for private gain in the ranks of "the great fighters."

3. All the gang-leaders extorted money from the Arabs which, though much of it went to furnish men and arms for the Jihad, ensured them a comfortable retirement, or, if they were killed, provided their descendants with large legacies. Fawzi el Kaukji, the "hero" of 1936, cleared about £10,000 in only two months of gang-leading, and Abd el Rahim's successors are now large property owners, though he himself had become a gang-leader when a bankrupt fugitive from the law.

4. The arms of the Rebellion were used as often for private as for public purposes, for in a society where the blood feud and ideal of becoming rich are sacrosanct, the more abstract cause of the Jihad had constantly to suffer its strength being diverted for personal ends.

At the same time, the Nejada and Futuwa will be better armed and organised than former Jihad warriors, who relied on First World War arms with the exception of a small quantity of German and Italian equipment. The new formations will also have the benefit of wartime experience in the armed forces and the police. Yet these groups will only strike if they feel their battlecry can be as in 1929, and to a lesser degree in 1936, "Il hukkuma ma'ana!" (the Government is with us). As always, it is up to us, and as long as the entire population of Palestine is convinced (as I can avouch it to be) that Britain wishes to provoke an Arab-Jewish conflict, there will be no hope of a solution.

BRIAN STONE

THE ARMY AND OPEN SPACES

SIR, — The letter printed in your issue of November 16th receives the firm approval of the Southern Federation of the Ramblers' Association.

We would, however, suggest that the writers miss the crux of the problem when they say that there are alternative sites. Whilst that statement is true, it is also true that there are valid and adequate objections to the use of the alternative sites, as witnessed by the recent press agitation about the Purbeck Hills, Dartmoor, the Pembroke Coast and so on *ad nauseam*.

The situation must be faced—there is no room in this island to train troops for modern warfare.

Southern Federation, The Ramblers' Association. V. W. MORECROFT, Chairman

WOWSERS AND NEW TOWNS

SIR,—Mr. Tom Harrisson's anti-puritanism will have the support of all congenitally well-conducted libertarians. I, too, am on the side of those angels. But builders of new towns have to recognise that drastic licensing laws are still in force, and that people who hate and fear drunkenness as a personal and social evil are not extinct. It is not for me, as one member, to justify the collective view of the Reith Committee. I may however mention, since Mr. Harrisson omits to do so, that the Committee was in favour of fairly numerous and varied pubs. In backing the accepted view that places supplying drink should also supply food, it made a new departure in saying that places supplying food should also supply drink if they wish. It did not say that pubs should be forced to sell tea, though it noted that many do so. In a new town, therefore, there could be pubs in which Mr. Harrisson's "freedom to escape from reality" (which in his sense I strenuously uphold) would not be outraged by the presence of Wowsers finding their escape in tea.

F. J. OSBORN

SIR,—Mr. Tom Harrisson's article is a superb Gospel of Personal Liberty. Declaring that, if need be, he will seek Liberty in Queensland, he says:—"it is right we be watchful, especially in regard to points of detail." He overlooks "the point of detail" that in Australia the *pubs close at 6 p.m.*

Shelson, Hoath. L. C. THOMPSON

YOUNG CONSERVATIVES

SIR,—With reference to the quotation in *This England* from a letter which appeared a few weeks ago in the *Daily Worker* signed "Three Members of the Young Conservative League in St. Pancras." I am most anxious to point out to you that this letter is a complete fake, no member of the Young Conservatives in St. Pancras having any knowledge of it, also there is no such thing as a Young Conservative *League*.

BETTY M. BENNETT
(Chairman, Young Conservatives in South-West St. Pancras).

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY IN EIRE

SIR,—In his article in last week's issue, referring to the new Industrial Relations Act, R. M. Fox says: ". . . that Unions may be called upon to pay heavy damages if they are held responsible for strikes against the decisions of these (Labour) Courts."

If by the word "damages" civil liability for losses sustained by an employer is meant, the statement is incorrect. No damages of this kind can be recovered from a Union by virtue of this Act.

What the Act does is to render a Union liable to a fine if it assists or promotes a strike in contravention of an agreement freely made and registered. And there is no obligation to register an agreement. Or a Union may be fined by the ordinary courts, if it assists out of its funds during the next twelve months, a strike for higher wages than the consolidated pre-war wages plus war bonus, without prior reference to the Labour Court. And this provision applies only when the Unions have asked for the wage plus bonus to be "recorded." Recording makes it obligatory on employers to pay the consolidated rate.

Former Secretary, Irish Trades Union Congress. THOMAS JOHNSON

THE DOCTOR'S PLEBISCITE

SIR,—May I be allowed to correct a small error in your comments on the "Doctors' Plebiscite." You say that "the British Medical Association is holding a ballot of its members." In fact, as has been publically announced, voting papers have been sent to all doctors practising in this country or in the Services overseas, whether they are members of the B.M.A. or not. The ballot form itself is explicitly headed, "To Every Member of the Profession."

It should be remembered that the B.M.A. is only one of the bodies represented on the Negotiating Committee. On a subject of this crucial importance the B.M.A. was very naturally determined that the plebiscite should be designed to ascertain the views, not merely of its own members, but of the entire profession.

JOHN PRINGLE,
British Medical Association, Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Press Officer

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

If the decoration of the average English home is less hideous now than it was in the Eighties, this is largely due to William Morris. Not that his taste in detail has persisted; but until he called their attention to it, the English public had almost forgotten that there was a standard of taste at all. It is chiefly as a decorator that his influence has been lasting. On literature (though he wrote a great deal of it), on Socialism (though he was one of its English founders) his permanent effect has been slight! People who know all about literature (but know also that it has to be related to life) commonly say that though Morris was a very practical man, and tough, and looked like a sea-captain, his writing was all about persons called Yolande and Jehane: and this was poetry of escape and very wicked. This is not strictly true: it neglects *Chants for Socialists*, the *Pilgrimage of Hope* and the contributions to *Justice* and *The Commonweal*; and it mistakes the intentions of *News from Nowhere*. Nor do I know that it is very wicked: escape is one of the things that people have always asked of poetry. The objections to it are about the same as those to abstract painting: the purpose is perfectly admissible, but after a time the practice becomes uninteresting. But Morris certainly asked for it. Why a man who spent his life doing, generally with his own hands, whatever seemed to want doing next should write of himself as though he hardly thought it worth while to clean out the kitchen sink, is difficult to see.

> Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
> Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?

is a curious motto for one who succeeded in moving that not very movable obstacle, British middle-class taste, and made a successful business venture in the process; who wore himself out ten years before his time by the most back-breaking political grind; who, as much as any one man, was the founder of English socialism.

More than most men he earned his escapes, and to him art was the main one. There was nothing in his view of the matter to prevent its being so. To him pleasure was the end of art, and the pleasure that he had mostly in mind was the pleasure of the artist. He did his politics and his argument for the most part in lectures and speeches: he wove tapestries or wrote because he liked it. Some fashionable visitor who saw him designing a chintz asked "But Mr. Morris, couldn't you get someone els to do that spotting for you?" and Morris replied "Do you think I am such a fool as to let some other fool have the fun of doing the spotting, while I have the grind of doing the design?" And he took his poetry in much the same spirit. Either you could do it or you couldn't: if you could you obviously enjoyed it, and ought to be able to turn it out, as a mere matter of craftsmanship, as naturally as a weaver working at his loom. That is why he is very little read to-day, when, whatever people require of poetry, they certainly require concentration. Fifteen years ago there were still occasional day-trips to Morris's Earthly Paradise, but now the service is suspended.

However, it would be a mistake to regard that enchanted region simply as a private Shangri-La. It was meant to have more public validity than that. It was meant to be at least a vision of the kind of world in which Morris thought humanity was meant to live.

> Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
> Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke
> And dream of London, small, and white, and clean.

Morris saw no reason why London should not be small and white and clean: he saw no reason why men should not enjoy their work, and be in some sense artists while they were doing it. Those were the reasons for which he became a socialist. If he had had the faintest idea that he was helping to create a megalopolis, run by administrators for administrators, he would have stopped at once. The reason for Morris's exceptional energy was that he was working for something that he really wanted, like a man digging his own garden. Persons of sensibility nowadays rarely feel that they are working for something that they really want: shut in their ivory offices, they devote themselves without conviction to the soothing circulation of official correspondence; or wryly grind away at pushing humanity a little farther down the straight and narrow path to the everlasting bonfire. Morris knew nothing of these divided aims: he spent most of his life doing what he wanted—either what he wanted at the moment or what he wanted to get done; anyhow he was a Marxist and believed in the unity of theory and practice.

News from Nowhere is commonly read as though it were romantic regression, in spite of the fact that it is set in the future. As a matter of fact it is set in the not very distant future—somewhere in the mid-two-thousands, say a hundred years from now. The historical chapters on how the change came about put the critical struggle in the early years of the twentieth century; and the history proceeds according to the scriptural plan. Most people of Morris's sort would have been inclined to temper the rigour of Marxian historical analysis, but Morris makes no compromise. It is all there, the class war, the doctrine of increasing misery, the predestinate failure of social democracy. If his forecasts have proved wrong, he errs through orthodoxy, not through any aesthetic paltering with the austerities of doctrine. In his political practice he had no faith in parliamentary methods, and here too he is quite clear that socialism is not going to come without a row. His account of the change-over is thoroughly realistic, in two senses of the term:

> Meantime the town grew no quieter, and business came pretty much to an end. The newspapers—then, as always hitherto, almost entirely in the hands of the masters—clamoured to the Government for repressive measures; the rich citizens were enrolled as an extra body of police, and armed with bludgeons like them; many of these were strong well-fed, full-blooded young men, and had plenty of stomach for fighting.

And so forth. Modern Europe has improved on the bludgeons; otherwise it is a familiar story. But as the revolution progresses we become conscious of some very unfamiliar symptoms:

> People flocked into the country villages, and, so to say, flung themselves upon the freed land like a wild beast upon his prey. Of course this invasion of the country was awkward to deal with, and would have created much misery, if the folk had still been under the bondage of class monopoly. But as it was, things soon righted themselves. The town invaded the country; but the invaders, like the warlike invaders of early days, yielded to the influence of their surroundings and became country people; and in their turn, as they became more numerous than the townsmen, influenced them also; so that the difference between town and country grew less and less; and it was indeed this world of the country vivified by the thought and briskness of town-bred folk which has produced that happy and leisurely but eager life of which you have had a first taste.

England has become a garden, with the houses, shops, and factories scattered up and down the country, all trim and neat and pretty. It is here that we become most aware of the difference between Morris's hopes and our own; for this pretty country world is not only not what we are going to get, but what nobody now even bothers to dream about. Perhaps rightly: there is a great deal of sheer economic naivety. Morris always made heavy weather of the economic parts of *Das Kapital*; and though a confirmed student of the sacred text he could hardly, at his time, have known much of later scholasticism. So he quite cheerfully divides a pound note between twenty people and gives them about half-a-crown each. But his kind of world, mainly rural, mainly dependent on handicrafts, is not really the offspring of an admiration for the Middle Ages and of a mistake about national income. It is the result of a conviction, so firmly held as to be axiomatic with Morris, shared also by Edward Carpenter and others of the early fraternity, that has quietly but completely dropped out of the wor d-view of later socialists. That is the belief that most of the labour in the capitalist world is wasted, that most of the things produced are neither useful nor beautiful, and that the only sensible answer is just to stop making them. After poverty and squalor, to Morris the most distressing feature of the nineteenth century was the "horrible burden of unnecessary production," by which men "created, in a never-ending series sham or artificial necessaries, which became, under the iron rule of the World-Market, of equal importance to them with the real necessaries which supported life. By all this they burdened themselves with a prodigious mass of work merely for the sake of keeping their wretched system going." This insane appetite for unnecessary objects was to him quite evidently the result of capitalism. He took the simple view that the rich were bad and the poor were good, and he thought that the distinction applied to their taste as well as their morals. He could not, of course, foresee that the rich would learn their taste from William Morris and the poor from the nineteenth century bourgeoisie. He thought that in the egalitarian future the shrines of luxury and pride would just naturally be deserted; that people would deliberately limit production in order to give themselves more leisure and a pleasanter setting for their lives. And now of course nobody thinks in those terms at all. Americans are profoundly convinced that the soul of man cannot find rest without six different kinds of ice-cream and a vast assortment of machines for emitting preserved noise: and so would the rest of us be if we were used to having as much money as they have. Whatever other values fail to survive the decay of the capitalist world, this one does not look like going down in the process. We may submit to austerity, with a very bad grace, to tide over a crisis; but we intend to make the simple-lifer as out of place after the revolution (whether socialist or managerial) as he was before.

The fact is that the Morris tradition early split in two. Morris came naturally from art to politics, and saw the politics as the necessary continuation of the interests of art. But arts and crafts, far from being a step towards a society of free and equal creators, became after all only a faint bloom on the cheeks of the capitalist peach; and now it has faded altogether. And socialism has forsaken its dreams of love in a cottage and set up a respectable establishment with technocracy. I doubt if any of the cultivated progressive people who advertise in this journal about sharing houses with other cultivated progressive people, now beat pewter, or wear hand-woven fabrics. Nor does a reading of *News from Nowhere* do anything to convince one that they ever will again. Perhaps it arouses a faint suspicion that they might be happier if they did. But then, say what you will, people do not behave as hedonists.

GRAHAM HOUGH

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INDIAN ROUTE MARCH

Indian Route March. By LOUIS HAGEN. *The Pilot Press.* 7s. 6d.

At last a book about India which does not try to prove a case for or against the British Raj. Just a plain, straightforward account of what the author saw and heard during a period of army service. It is nowhere mawkishly sentimental, insanely in love with British rule or Congress. It is not scholarly. It has not got hundreds of dates and long quotations to prove this or that. It is without pretensions: there is no claim to lay bare the soul of India, or to interpret the tortuous ways of Mr. Gandhi or the rigid inflexibility of Mr. Jinnah. It is not even solemn and at times it is positively lighthearted. Above all it is normal and healthy—the reactions of a brilliant observer who knows how to write without self-consciousness.

This is the book that many of us who served in India during the war would have liked to have written had we the energy or the skill. There is a refreshing absence of deductions and tiresome conclusions and solutions. There is very little with which to agree or disagree. Any complaint could be met by the retort "Well, that is what I saw. You may have seen something different."

There are some inaccuracies in minor points of fact, and Mr. Hagen was not quite able to resist the temptation at the end of the book to sum up briefly the aims of Congress and the Muslim League, about neither of which is his knowledge very profound. But those are tiny flaws. For a picture of what India is really like to-day I have never read anything to equal this book.

The attitude of the sensitive would-be sympathiser with downtrodden India is admirably described out of a railway carriage window. It is induced by constant contact with the hordes of miserable beggars who cover the platforms.

> The first time you see this sort of thing it leaves you stunned. Although it was happening in front of our eyes and under our noses, one just couldn't take it in unless one used one's imagination. The utter degradation of these human beings was almost too exaggerated. . . . I was overcome with an inarticulate pity that soon turned to the awful realisation of my own inability to do anything. . . . Then, as I saw the same thing on station after station, my pity changed to irritation and then into something very near hatred. . . . I started turning away to avoid seeing. Then I found myself actually pushing those dirty bodies away quite roughly, when they came near me. . . . I was horrified to find myself shouting and losing my temper. I knew perfectly well I was wrong and that these creatures were no more responsible for their actions than animals. . . . I was ashamed of my irritability, and did my best to suppress it, and I know the others did too, but of course the feeling should never have been there at all, and it was.

He gives us a wonderful passage about the English woman in India—the wife of the official or businessman. Ever since the (misguided) opening of the Suez Canal a large proportion of them have been a curse to the British in India. Nothing to do all day with their empty heads but bully the servants, be superior to any Indians whom they may not be able to avoid meeting, and prevent their husbands from having social intercourse with Indians after office hours. Provoked by the climate, their love life would horrify their parents left behind in respectable Surbiton. The epitaph of the Memsahib in India is in what Mr. Hagen says about Felicity, his particular girl-friend.

> In spite of her egotism, her vanity, her lust for admiration and attention and the coldness which showed itself in the way she treated her husband and her servants, and although her Memsahib's hypocrisy would never allow her to admit it, give her her due, she did at least do one very definite thing for "The Boys."

But that is digression. The book is mainly about Indians. Ordinary Indians that one comes across in every town in India. Mr. Hagen is right. Paradoxically there is a tremendous sameness about them despite their enormous diversity. Unfortunately there is not much about life in the villages which would have been a slight corrective to the urban viewpoint. But Mr. Hagen could not go everywhere.

Although there is no attempt to water down observations which might shock the European mind, no one who loves India and who reads this book will feel any the less for it as a result. The situation is merely brought into focus and affection is heightened by knowledge. The problems of the Indian character, the Indian education which does not educate, the loss of spiritual force, are all here.

One correction I would suggest to Mr. Hagen. He puts down the pay of an average schoolteacher as not more than 60 rupees a month. Usually it is not more than 20 to 30 rupees (about 35s.) a month.

Indians welcomed the arrival of the wartime soldier as promoting a better understanding between the two countries. Mr. Hagen has certainly done his job well in explaining something of India to his countrymen.

WOODROW WYATT

DRIP

What Would Nelson Do? By HANNEN SWAFFER. *Gollancz.* 5s.

Among the indisputable contributions of the Royal Navy to the Brotherhood of Man is the little word "drip." Though more expressive and emphatic, it corresponds roughly with "grumble." Far from being a privilege open only to the few, dripping is a pleasure enjoyed by the many. If you are a rating you drip about the food, the Duty Watch (if you are in it) and the "Wakee, wakee, wakee!" that summons you from your hammock when the officers are still snoring in their gilded bunks; if you are a junior officer—let us say Officer of the Day waiting to be summoned from a far from comfortable bunk—you drip about most of the things the ratings drip about (including your seniors) and envy the matelot his carefree life; and, presumably, if you are an admiral, why then you will have accumulated such a pile of delayed dripping that you will have to dispose of it by signal.

All this, of course, must be heresy to Mr. Hannen Swaffer—and we know what crusaders think about heretics. One gathers that the only people entitled to drip are a swarm of disgruntled ratings and a few disgruntled officers. I disagree with this, but I am grateful to Mr. Swaffer and his associate, Mr. George Hutchinson, for having produced an anthology of drip that made me feel nostalgic for the fo'c'sle mess-deck of a frigate and the Joining Office at Portsmouth Barracks.

If the object of the book had been merely to inflate the sales by inflaming the passions (instead of "to arouse the conscience of the nation"), the job could hardly have been done better. It is the sort of book that will engender more heat than light. Based on a series of letters from sailors (kept anonymous) in reply to articles by Mr. Swaffer in a Sunday newspaper, *What Would Nelson Do?* records a string of grievances about food, accommodation, gold braid, representation and complaints, pay, naval uniform, and long-term contracts. Since the reader is not in possession of the complete evidence in any specific case, the danger is that he will swallow the whole thing uncritically or (to use an excellent phrase from King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions) reject it with "cheerful alacrity." Either attitude would be unfortunate.

Every one who has served in the Navy knows very well that it does not compare with Eden before the Fall. Living conditions are sometimes unpleasant and occasionally deplorable—a fact for which the Admiralty is not always to blame, especially in wartime. Discipline is strict both for ratings *and* officers. Promotion is slow—too slow—and even slower is the capacity of a certain type of officer to realise that, though the Navy has its own way of doing things, there is a world elsewhere. Traditions that are charming and valuable go hand in hand with others that are neither—and I don't think Nelson would object if we had a few new ones. It is good to know that improvements are already being considered, and that some of the best features of American ships are being incorporated; also that the system of entry and training at Dartmouth is being broadened (though I hope the abominable *word* "democratisation" will never creep into the noble Elizabethan prose of K.R. and A.I.).

If Mr. Swaffer's Holy War has helped to ginger up a traditionally slow and silent Admiralty, he will have done the Navy a service. His book is lively, pungent, and always readable. What it lacks is proportion—and it would need another book to present the other side of a picture marred only too often by envy, self-pity and prejudice. It is not the individual criticisms that make me sceptical (though, from my own experiences as a rating and an officer, I distrust many of them): it is the painfully incomplete picture of naval life that emerges. If the Navy were composed mainly of the browbeaten slaves suggested by this book, it would be difficult to explain her success in the late war. "Kidnapped" into the Navy before he is old enough to know his own mind, the average sailor is here depicted as a resentful and embittered creature, underfed and underpaid, and entirely at the mercy of a caste system in which the villains are over-privileged officers, gracefully described by several of the anonymous contributors to this book as "pigs." In support of this point of view, Mr. Swaffer will doubtless receive further letters from malcontents with views more violent than mine. Others, who might have listened to a more temperate case, will be antagonised by what they will consider inflammatory nonsense.

When the results of the last General Election were being announced over the radio, a young naval chaplain in the mess turned to me and said: "They can say what they like, but I'm a great believer in Attlee. They say he's a gentleman. Very pleasant fellow to have a drink with." A point to the crusaders? No doubt. But I also remember a Services debating society on a remote island in the Orkneys where complete freedom of speech was allowed, and predominantly Left-Wing views expressed, on such subjects as India, the Beveridge Report, and the future of the public schools. If Mr. Swaffer supposes that the Navy is ruled by Blimps with the social outlook of 18th century bishops, let him visit the Education Department at the Admiralty and learn something of the magnificent work now being done by progressive and far-sighted men to provide the modern sailor with a sound knowledge not only of technical subjects but of current affairs. The phrase, "The Navy looks after you," is not mere pious propaganda: it springs from the daily experience of countless thousands who have benefited in every way from their service. And, since the Navy is a world in miniature, it harbours plenty of human weakness. If you look for snobbery you will find it—quite as much in the lower-deck as in the ward room. And if you look for injustice, you will find that, too. What you will not find is *acceptance* of injustice by any officer worth his salt or by the Admiralty itself. To serve in a happy ship—especially a small ship, in which there is a feeling of community probably unique in the Services—is to realise why naval men can feel such a strong affection for their service.

If the Navy has a debt to society it is no less true that society is largely to blame for its neglect of the Navy, except in times of crisis. There is a human as well as an economic side to the matter. One of the most pitiful remarks made to me in the Navy was that of a shipmate, an old Dr. Barnardo's boy. "It's all right now there's a war on," he said. "It's 'Our dear sailors' all the time. But how many civvies would even talk to a sailor in peacetime? We were avoided then." Now that a psychological reaction has set in after long years of war, there is a danger that once more the Navy will be saddled with the victims of an unjust social attitude.

Here is a story for Mr. Swaffer to ponder.

One of the new entries in a training ship was a boy from an almost unbelievably bad home in a Glasgow slum. He was cleaned and fed and trained. For weeks the Navy could do nothing with him. At the end of his first term he was still so wild that his officers thought he would desert as soon as he got a chance. He went home for his Christmas leave. Two days later he came back and begged to be allowed to spend Christmas in the training ship. His commanding officer then arranged for the boy to be entertained on his own farm. A sailor was in the making.

An exception? I don't believe it. I believe that instances of kindness and fairness in the Navy irrespective of rank, could be multiplied. I know it is easy to be detached when one is no longer sharing the discomforts and what one of Nelson's biographers called "the uncertainties and petty vexations" of the life. If, in this review, I have preferred to praise rather than to drip, it is not because I think reforms unnecessary, still less because I have any misplaced feelings of tenderness towards their Lordships, but because I believe the Navy, with all its imperfections, has incomparably more integrity, justice, and humanity behind it, and incomparably fewer rackets, than the sordidly self-seeking civilian world in which yesterday's sailor now finds himself.

J. R. TILL

HISTORICAL ESSAYS

Velvet Studies. By C. V. WEDGWOOD. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

When a woman excels in some intellectual or artistic activity, it remains usual to insist upon her femininity: "The outstanding woman-novelist," Ivy Compton-Burnett." "Frances Hodkins, the great woman-painter," "a woman-historian of the front rank, Eileen Power." Is there not in this a touch of belittlement? None of these three needs to be given any bisques or strokes when measured against the men who are playing the same game. I doubt, moreover, whether on merely internal evidence we should ever attribute their works to a female hand. This is not to suggest sexual differentiation is always invisible in good work: no man, I fancy, could have written the novels of Miss Austen, Colette or Miss Bowen; and no woman those of Fielding, Stendhal or Conrad. But in *Clarissa* and *The Golden Bowl*, *Silas Marner* and *Wuthering Heights*, is the author's sex apparent? I am not sure. Certainly the books by C. V. Wedgwood on William the Silent, the Thirty Years War and Strafford, reveal to me nothing specifically masculine or feminine in their author. They are distinguished merely by scholarship, animation, good feeling and good sense. Feminist though I am, I cannot allow these virtues to be proof that the V in the author's signature stands for Veronica and not for Vincent or Vespasian.

Miss Wedgwood's new book consists of a score of papers on subjects ranging from St. Augustine to Paris in 1945. But the Seventeenth Century is her particular kingdom, and six of the papers treat the English Civil War, upon which the author—one hears with delight—is now preparing a book.

She knows far too much, of course, to have any truck with Mr. Belloc's entertaining fantasies:

> Any detailed study of the combatants, any enquiry into their private lives, reveals the absurdity of those theories which explain the Civil War as a blockish alignment of class or interest. Men followed their beliefs with an independent fidelity; no class, no group, no family that was not split along the line of personal conviction. The "money-power" in which some recent writers have tried to mask the parliamentarian party simply did not exist as a united political unit. Its representatives are to be found both at the King's right-hand, and tub-thumbing with the Levellers. There were, of course, the usual number of time-servers, scoundrels, profiteers, yes-men and fools on both sides. Nor were the motives of any man or group above suspicion. Self-interest was a powerful motive force. When has it not been? It was as much to the King's interest to maintain his own power as it was to that of the English gentry in Parliament to stand out for theirs; naturally. Yet the Civil War was not a selfish struggle for supremacy. Government not *of*, but *for*, the people was the ultimate end of the best men in both parties. They had, deeply ingrained, a saving sense of moral responsibility.

This passage reveals Miss Wedgwood's freedom from prejudice; and indeed I doubt whether in the whole of this book you could find a statement that you could call fanciful or extravagant, however much you disagreed with it. Let me place two further quotations side by side:

> What is disturbing in France to-day is the dominance, especially among the young, of the belief that creative activity in the arts must be relevant to the political conflict of the time. I cannot believe that among a people so profoundly sane and civilized as the French this deforming Germanic doctrine will long prevail.

> It used to be said that history should be written without prejudice: that the historian must not step aside to draw a moral. The first cannot be done: the second should not. Historians should always draw morals. If the accurate, judicious and highly trained fail to do so, the unscrupulous and unqualified will do it for them, and the deluded public will listen gaping to false but more emphatic prophets.

Both these paragraphs strike me as eminently sensible. And while Miss Wedgwood is equally fair to Hampden and to Strafford she has no doubt that the Civil War was justified and beneficial: it saved the principle of representative government in England and for North America. Strafford was wrong: "Like many good administrators, he believed too much in authority. Much may be and must be sacrificed to efficiency, but one can sacrifice too much. That is the first maxim of democracy."

In an essay entitled "Aspects of Politics," she expands the same opinion:

> The entry of the people into the field of effective government has altered the face of the political world and should alter it for the better. So at least the Levellers and the Idealists (of whom I count myself) have hoped for centuries. Meanwhile there is still the dangerous corner of Fascism, of the wholesale deception and enslavement of the people, to be turned. The person most to be feared in modern society is the Common Man. He is, like the Average Man, the Economic Man, and a host of his predecessors, a figment of the imagination. It does not make him any the less dangerous. . . . The essential thing about each one of us is that we are unique.

Miss Wedgwood's coolness and sense of measure in no way obscure her sense of drama. She is an historian "who finds the human being more interesting than what the human being has done." "Poetry and colour and shape" have all been important to her; and she includes the Diaghileff Ballet as well as Maitland among the influences that shaped her into a writer of history. One is therefore not surprised to find her selecting for praise two historians now unfashionable, Macaulay and Lytton Strachey.

Before ending, really I must look for something to say against Miss Wedgwood. Paragons sound intolerable. And it is her use of words that I shall choose to denigrate. Her style is lucid and easy, but it has less colour and individuality than the thoughts and emotions it is used to express. Describing Oxford during the Civil War, she talks of the quadrangles being "trampled bald" by drilling feet—a nicely chosen epithet, but such felicities are few. The gusto for language conspicuous in what she chooses for quotation is seldom allowed to enliven her own prose. I suspect that she is haunted by the gaunt spectre of some pleasure-hating don, who visited his own disappointment with life or wife on her undergraduate ebullience.

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BRITAIN AND AMERICA

The United States and Britain. *Crane Brinton* 9*s*.

As Britain dodders on towards her long overdue grave an increasing number of friendly Americans point out to us the errors of our youth and the proper duties of our old age. Mr. Crane Brinton has made a friendly study of the problems that face the two countries in their relations with one another, and as the first of a series of books on American foreign policy it attempts to show how Britain should adapt herself to American hegemony.

The main problem between the two countries, it is generally recognised, is economic. Americans are familiar with the thesis that Britain must "export or die." But they gravely doubt our chances of survival in a competitive world market because of our industrial inefficiency and our bad marketing techniques. In which case, we might ask, why does the U.S. still need protection from our imports by her almost insuperable tariffs? The economic relations of Britain and America will be better understood when it is made clear—as it is not in this book—that the American problem of over-production is quite as real as the British problem of underproduction. It is neither pleasanter nor more virtuous to die of apoplexy rather than anaemia.

With this in mind we can examine Mr. Brinton's thesis that Britain should not be blamed for her natural desire for "protection" of her markets from American competition, e.g., in Civil Aviation by "restrictive agreements," or in monetary matters by the sterling bloc. There is here no understanding that Britain may be seeking protection not from the blessings of American prosperity but from the devastating effects of her depressions. Nor that we honestly believe order in the air is preferable for *all* parties to unlimited competition; in brief that we no longer think it necessary to burn down our house to have roast pork.

In the political field the two main problems discussed by Mr. Brinton are how to achieve peaceably: (1) the expansion of U.S. influence through a world-wide system of bases; (2) the contraction of the British Empire by breaking it up and—particularly—abolishing our spheres of influence. Mr. Brinton is fully aware of the contradictions in which he is thus involved, but maintains that he is reporting on what the problems are, not what they should be. Many Americans would simply justify the double standard by distinguishing between strategic imperialism (good) and economic imperialism (bad).

It would however be a mistake on our part to imagine—as Mr. Brinton seems to—that Britain could ease the American pressure on her Empire by agreeing to the expansion of theirs. We can never win over the liberals by appeasing the Navy Department. It is only by boldly taking the lead that we can hope to solve the problem and win American support. Freed from the incubus of those Churchillian directives which tied their hands at San Francisco the British team at the U.N.O. Conference could be now making proposals or trusteeship, devised by an experienced colonial power such as we are, instead of awaiting glittering but impractical proposals put up by side-line moralists for us to knock down. If this were done the American delegation would have to put up or shut up.

In a final chapter Mr. Brinton discusses how America should use the "political and economic greatness thrust upon her" (how different, we reflect, from the hypocritical British who would pretend that they had acquired it in a fit of absence of mind). He concludes that America will not relapse into isolationism of the inter-war type, though there is more danger of the new hemispheric or "Atlantic Community" isolationism. But on balance Mr. Brinton believes that America will take the responsibilities of leadership in the world community, which have devolved on her from Britain, and will press on towards a real world organisation. How comforting if it were only true! It is only fair to explain that this book was written a year ago before the Conservative reaction in America had overwhelmed the New Deal philosophy. It is a measure of how far America has travelled—and in which direction.

JOHN MORTON

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BRAHMS: *Third Symphony in F.* London Philharmonic Orch., cond. Van Beinum (Decca K1448–52).

BRAHMS: *Third Symphony in F.* Boston Symphony Orch., cond. Koussevitzky (H.M.V. DB6276–9).

BEETHOVEN: *Sixth Symphony* ("Pastoral"). Philadelphia Orch., cond. Walter (Col. LX963–7).

ELGAR: *Cello Concerto in E minor.* Casals, with B.B.C. Symphony Orch., cond. Boult (H.M.V. DB6338–41).

DVORAK: *Cello Concerto in B minor.* Maurice Gendron, with London Philharmonic Orch., cond. Rankl (Decca K1437–41).

ROSSINI: *Overture: La Gazza Ladra.* N.B.C. Symphony Orch., cond. Toscanini (H.M.V. DB6342).

BERLIOZ: *Rêverie and Caprice.* Szigeti, with Philharmonia Orch., cond. Lambert (Col. LX946).

TCHAIKOVSKY: *The Sleeping Princess: Ballet Music.* Royal Opera Orch., cond. Lambert (Col. DX1281–2).

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis.* Hallé Orch., cond. Barbirolli (H.M.V. C3507–8).

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Dumka*, op. 59. Horowitz (H.M.V. DB6273).

WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger: Wahn Monolog.* Herbert Janssen, with Metropolitan Opera Orch., cond. Breisach (Col. LX947).

VERDI: "Addio del Passato" (*La Traviata*), and

PUCCINI: "Si, mi chiamano Mimi" (*La Bohème*). Margherita Carosio, with Royal Opera House Orch., cond. Patane (H.M.V. DB6343).

SCHUBERT: *Das Mädchen* and *An mein Clavier.* Elisabeth Schumann (H.M.V. DA1864).

HANDEL: *Messiah.* Isobel Baillie, Gladys Ripley, James Johnston, Norman Walker, with Huddersfield Choral Society and Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Sargent (Col. DX1283–1301).

Two sets of Brahms No. 3 in one month is surely going rather far! Surely a minimum of liaison—of co-operation—of discussion—would suffice to prevent these blunders. In almost every respect the Koussevitzky set is the better. The performance is a very vital one, broad and sweeping in effect; and the recording, although perhaps rather light in bass, embraces the full orchestral tone very agreeably. In the Decca issue the detail is in some places superior, but Van Beinum's cautious attitude to the music blurs its outlines, and the rhythm sags where it should be tense. The second and third movements (marked Andante and Poco Allegretto respectively) he takes at metronomically the same speed. For the tempo of the *Andante* he has the authority of Weingartner, who may well have taken his from the composer himself (the Weingartner recording, by the way, is still worth keeping, if you happen to possess it); but with all due respect I cannot help feeling that, played as fast as this, the music loses its simple piety. In any case, Weingartner takes the succeeding movement at a sensibly brisker pace. Brahms's symphonies are sometimes criticised on the ground that the tempi of the movements are insufficiently opposed, and to level them up beyond what is indicated must aggravate the fault, if fault there be. Koussevitzky does not make this mistake: his conception of the symphony is altogether more dramatic, but does not neglect the many touches of lyric poetry in an essentially rhetorical design.

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"... an absolute triumph of unmoral satire. Anatole France would have been delighted to have thought of such a theme and could not have written it more brilliantly."

The new issue of the Pastoral Symphony is among the gentlest, most carefully made American recordings that have yet reached us. Gentle, as befits the performance, which evokes deliciously the scenery round Vienna, and contains the most beautiful and precise woodwind playing of any symphonic recording I know. Of courte the " storm " is here less theatrical than Toscanini makes it; but I do not think this is a disadvantage: Beethoven's intention is hardly the same as Verdi's, at the opening of his *Otello*.

Many of us look back upon Casals's playing of the Elgar Cello Concerto in the Albert Hall just after the end of the war as among the great musical experiences of our lives. But, strangely, transferred to the gramophone, the effect is less convincing. Casals's tone is never anything but splendid, and throughout the work there are passages of magnificent playing; but time and again the great cellist's idiosyncrasies take us too far away from the composer's intention. The long, winding, pastoral theme, in the first movement, is pulled clean out of shape by a very slow, intensely *rubato* delivery: it never flows at all. Then the fragments of the theme which usher in the succeeding Allegro ought to be hesitant, but not *scribbled*. And over the whole of the soloist's performance there hangs a heavy cloak of sentimentality, which so weighs down the autumnal episode in the Finale that we are reminded all too strongly of Amfortas. Sir Adrian Boult handles the wonderful orchestration with supreme expertise, and the recording is excellent. A most interesting set, but hardly definitive.

There is, I think, little question that, as far as recording goes, the new issue of the Dvorak Cello Concerto is an advance on the Casals set. The general level is just right and there are very few moments at which anything like coarseness can be detected. The perspective is very sharp: everything stands out, and in the *tutti* the ensemble is brilliant and well balanced. Although I admit to a wholehearted admiration of Casals's performance in this concerto, I was completely fascinated by Maurice Gendron's very different rendering. To say that this young Frenchman can hold a candle to Casals is surely to pay him a high compliment; but as between front-rank artists of totally opposed temperaments, comparison is more futile than usual. I therefore refuse the suggestion that either performance is " better " than the other. They differ, subtly yet profoundly; and both are admirable. M. Gendron, being a French artist, takes the beautiful quality of his tone for granted, which is an advantage in music as romantic in feeling as this. Like the episode in the Elgar concerto, to which I have already referred, the famous Coda of Dvorak's Finale should be " deep as first love, and wild with all regret." M. Gendron sees that it is so, but refrains—both here and elsewhere—from insisting.

The indignant young man who threatened to shoot Rossini for opening the *Gazza Ladra* overture with a side drum roll, might justifiably return to life to fire on Toscanini—or the recording engineer, or both—for the unendurable racket on side 1 of this disc. The bombardment over, enjoyment supervenes, for this recording is otherwise quite good and the tunes are typically charming.

Berlioz's *Rêverie and Caprice*, which was written just after the *Romeo and Juliet* symphony, is frowned on as dully conventional and " uncharacteristic " by the inner circle of the composer's admirers. Uncharacteristic it may be, though it is full of figures and progressions which could only be Berlioz's; but for the life of me I cannot see that it is dull. A kind of *Gesangs-scene*, it does, I suppose, recall Spohr; but what is wrong with that? This seems to me a very curious and interesting piece, full of delicate and rhapsodic changes of mood, and unlikely to grow tedious with repetition. Unhappily the recording has not been well managed. The orchestral part is brilliant enough, but Szigeti's tone comes through as uniformly weedy and unpleasant. If I were the soloist I would not have " passed " this record.

It seems worth remarking that almost (if not quite) all the excerpts from *The Sleeping Princess* here recorded occur before the final scene—which is, of course, the best known. This music disarms all criticism by its insidious charm of melody, texture and decoration. The recording—like others in the same genre which Mr. Lambert has given us—is of the highest quality and the disc surface is particularly unobtrusive.

I cannot perceive a single advantage in the new issue of the *Tallis Fantasia* over the still excellent recording by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Barbirolli's conduct of the work differs in no important way from Sir Adrian Boult's; and the new recording has a tendency to become shrill.

Tchaikovsky's piano pieces are not among his most valuable music, but the *Dumka* is less jejune than most of them, and since it is also beautifully played, would have been worth acquiring, if the recording were even tolerable. But it is not: it is villainously bad. Indeed, the piano sounds as if Harpo Marx had had a go at the inside.

This month's vocal records are exceptionally good. The *Messiah* is a really important set, for the spirit of the work is admirably realised in a recording which does full justice to all the units employed. The degree of resonance is sufficient to prevent the solo parts from sounding dead, and the choral writing from getting blurred. Some musicians will object to the occasional use of Mozart's additional accompaniments; but when the extraordinary, slapdash methods of performance in Handel's day are taken into consideration, the purist argument loses much of its force. James Johnston has a good, steady voice, and in the divisions his breath-control is remarkable. Miss Baillie's high notes are a bit edgy, as in most of her records. But all in all I doubt whether Dr. Sargent has ever secured a finer ensemble.

The issue of the *Wahn Monolog* is a good example of Janssen's generous art, but the orchestra is rather flatly recorded. On the other hand Mme Carosio's disc is a delight. The balance of voice and orchestra during the reading of the letter in *La Traviata* achieves a most moving effect, and altogether this excellent artist comes across most beautifully. So, of course, does Mme Schumann—at any rate in English studios. Her recording of that touching little song, *Das Mädchen*, supplies a felt need.

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Par les ressuscitants promptement sont percés;
Ici, un arbre sent des bras de sa racine,
Grouiller un chef vivant, sortir une poitrine;
Là, l'eau trouble bouillonne, et puis, s'éparpillant,
Sent en soi des cheveux et un chef s'éveillant.
Comme un nageur venant du profond de son plonge,
Tous sortent de la mort comme l'on sort d'un songe.
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Se sont en un moment à leurs corps asserrez
Bien qu'un bras ait vogué par la mer écumeuse.
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